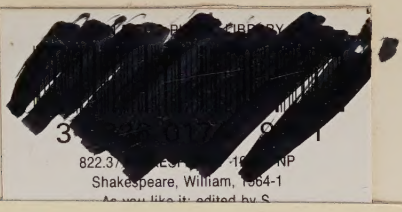

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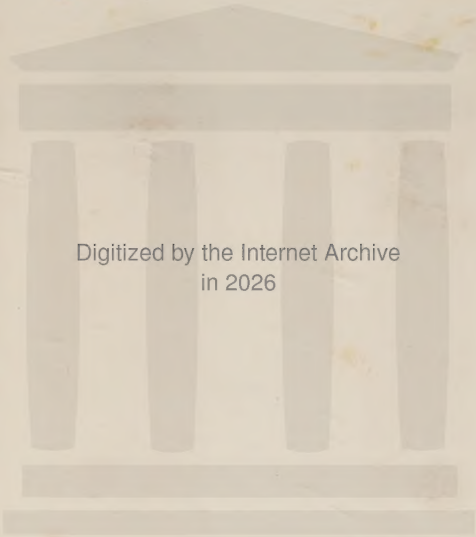

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THE YALE SHAKESPEARE

Revised Edition

General Editors

Helge Kökeritz and Charles T. Prouty

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THE YALE SHAKESPEARE

AS YOU LIKE IT

Edited by S. C. Burchell

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Preface of the General Editors

As the late Professor Tucker Brooke has observed, practically all modern editions of Shakespeare are 18th-century versions of the plays, based on the additions, alterations, and emendations of editors of that period. It has been our purpose, as it was Professor Brooke's, to give the modern reader Shakespeare's plays in the approximate form of their original appearance.

About half the plays appeared in quarto form before the publication of the First Folio in 1623. Thus for a large number of plays the only available text is that of the Folio. In the case of quarto plays our policy has been to use that text as the basis of the edition, unless it is clear that the text has been contaminated.

Interesting for us today is the fact that there are no act or scene divisions in the Quartos with the exception of *Othello*, which does mark Acts I, II, IV, and V but lacks indications of scenes. Even in the Folio, although act divisions are generally noted, only a part of the scenes are divided. In no case, either in Quarto or Folio, is there any indication of the place of action. The manifold scene divisions for the battle in such a play as *Antony and Cleopatra*, together with such locations as "Another part of the field," are the additions of the 18th century.

We have eliminated all indications of the place and time of action, because there is no authority for them in the originals and because Shakespeare gives such information, when it is requisite for understanding the play, through the dialogue of the actors. We have been sparing in our use of added scene and, in some

cases, act divisions, because these frequently impede the flow of the action, which in Shakespeare's time was curiously like that of modern films.

Spelling has been modernized except when the original clearly indicates a pronunciation unlike our own, e.g. *desart* (desert), *divel* (devil), *banket* (banquet), and often in such Elizabethan syncopations as *stolne* (stol'n), and *tane* (ta'en). In reproducing such forms we have followed the inconsistent usage of the original.

We have also preserved the original capitalization when this is a part of the meaning. In like manner we have tended to adopt the lineation of the original in many cases where modern editors print prose as verse or verse as prose. We have, moreover, followed the original punctuation wherever it was practicable.

In verse we print a final *-ed* to indicate its full syllabic value, otherwise *'d*. In prose we have followed the inconsistencies of the original in this respect.

Our general practice has been to include in footnotes all information a reader needs for immediate understanding of the given page. In somewhat empiric fashion we repeat glosses as we think the reader needs to be reminded of the meaning. Further information is given in notes (indicated by the letter *N* in the footnotes) to be found at the back of each volume. Appendices deal with the text and sources of the play.

Square brackets indicate material not found in the original text. Long emendations or lines taken from another authoritative text of a play are indicated in the footnotes for the information of the reader. We have silently corrected obvious typographical errors.

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[THE ACTORS' NAMES

DUKE SENIOR, *living in exile in the Forest of Arden*
DUKE FREDERICK, *his brother and usurper of the dukedom*
AMIENS, JAQUES } *lords attending on the banished Duke*
LE BEAU, *a courtier attending on Duke Frederick*
CHARLES, *wrestler to Duke Frederick*
OLIVER, JAQUES DE BOYS, ORLANDO } *sons of Sir Rowland de Boys*
ADAM, DENNIS } *servants to Oliver*
TOUCHSTONE, *a clown*
SIR OLIVER MARTEXT, *a vicar*
CORIN, SILVIUS } *shepherds*
WILLIAM, *a country fellow in love with Audrey*
HYMEN

ROSALIND, *daughter to the banished Duke*
CELIA, *daughter to Duke Frederick*
PHEBE, *a shepherdess*
AUDREY, *a country wench*
Lords, Pages, Foresters, Attendants]

Act I

SCENE 1

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Orlando. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion: he bequeathed me by will but poor a thousand crowns and, as thou say'st, charged my brother on his blessing to breed me well; and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit. For my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or—to speak more properly—stays me here at home unkept, for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hir'd. But I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth, for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me, his countenance seems to take from me. He lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother and, as much

2 **he** N. (N refers throughout to the corresponding note given at the end of the text.) **poor a** a miserable. 4 **breed** raise. 5 **school** college. 6 **goldenly** glowingly. 7 **rustically** like a peasant. 8 **stays** keeps. **unkept** uncared for. 12 **manage** training paces. 13 **dearly** expensively. 17 **countenance** behavior. 19 **hinds** field servants.

as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude. I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

Enter Oliver.

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

Orlando. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

Oliver. Now, sir, what make you here?

Orlando. Nothing. I am not taught to make anything.

Oliver. What mar you then, sir?

Orlando. Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

Oliver. Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught a while.

Orlando. Shall I keep your hogs and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent that I should come to such penury?

Oliver. Know you where you are, sir?

Orlando. O, sir, very well. Here in your orchard.

Oliver. Know you before whom, sir?

Orlando. Ay, better than him I am before knows me. I know you are my eldest brother, and in the gentle condition of blood you should so know me.

20 **mines** undermines. 29 **make you are** you doing. 32 **mar** N. 36 **Marry** contraction of 'by the Virgin Mary.' **be naught** keep quiet. 39 **prodigal portion** N. 41 **where** in whose presence (Orlando takes the literal meaning). 44 **Ay** F *I* (F is the First Folio of 1623). 46 **gentle condition of blood** natural kindness of our relationship.

The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first born, but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us. I have as much of my father in me as you, albeit I confess your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

Oliver. What, boy!

Orlando. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

Oliver. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Orlando. I am no villain; I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys. He was my father, and he is thrice a villain that says such a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat till this other had pull'd out thy tongue for saying so. Thou hast rail'd on thyself.

Adam. Sweet masters, be patient. For your father's remembrance, be at accord.

Oliver. Let me go, I say!

Orlando. I will not till I please; you shall hear me. My father charg'd you in his will to give me good education. You have train'd me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities. The spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it. Therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament. With that I will go buy my fortunes.

Oliver. And what wilt thou do? Beg when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in. I will not long be trou-

47 courtesy of nations conventions of civilized society. 52 reverence N. 55 young brash. 56 villain N. 73 exercises occupations. 74 allottery share.

bled with you; you shall have some part of your will. I pray you, leave me.

Orlando. I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

Oliver. Get you with him, you old dog.

Adam. Is 'old dog' my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service. God be with my old master. He would not have spoke such a word.

Exeunt Orlando, Adam.

Oliver. Is it even so? Begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Holla, Dennis!

Enter Dennis.

Dennis. Calls your worship?

Oliver. Was not Charles, the Duke's wrastler, here to speak with me?

Dennis. So please you, he is here at the door and importunes access to you.

Oliver. Call him in. [*Exit Dennis.*] 'Twill be a good way, and tomorrow the wrastling is.

Enter Charles.

Charles. Good morrow to your worship.

Oliver. Good Monsieur Charles, what's the new news at the new court?

Charles. There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news: that is, the old Duke is banished by his younger brother, the new Duke, and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new Duke. Therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

86 grow presume. 87 physic purge. rankness insolence, foulness. 90 wrastler N. 97 Monsieur N.

Oliver. Can you tell if Rosalind, the Duke's daughter, be banished with her father?

Charles. O, no. For the Duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her, being ever from their cradles bred together, that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter, and never two ladies loved as they do.

Oliver. Where will the old Duke live?

Charles. They say he is already in the Forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him. And there they live like the old Robin Hood of England. They say many young gentlemen flock to him every day and fleet the time carelessly as they did in the golden world.

Oliver. What, you wrastle tomorrow before the new Duke?

Charles. Marry, do I, sir. And I came to acquaint you with a matter: I am given, sir, secretly to understand that your younger brother Orlando hath a disposition to come in disguis'd against me to try a fall. Tomorrow, sir, I wrastle for my credit, and he that escapes me without some broken limb shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender, and for your love I would be loath to foil him, as I must for my own honor if he come in. Therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal, that either you might stay him from his intendment or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into; in that it is a thing of his own search, and altogether against my will.

Oliver. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me,

114 Forest of Arden N. 118 fleet pass. golden world N. 129 loath unwilling. foil throw. 132 withal with this. intendment intent. 133 brook . . . well endure.

which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by underhand means labored to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles, it is the stubbornest young fellow of France—full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villainous contriver against me, his natural brother. Therefore use thy discretion; I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger. And thou wert best look to 't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device, and never leave thee till he hath tane thy life by some indirect means or other. For I assure thee—and almost with tears I speak it—there is not one so young and so villainous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder. 156

Charles. I am heartily glad I came hither to you. If he come tomorrow, I'll give him his payment. If ever he go alone again, I'll never wrastle for prize more. And so God keep your worship. *Exit.* 160

[*Oliver.*] Farewell, good Charles. Now will I stir this gamester. I hope I shall see an end of him, for my soul—yet I know not why—hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle, never school'd and yet learned, full of noble device, of all sorts enchantingly

139 **underhand** unobtrusive. 144 **natural brother** blood brother. 145 **had as lief** had as soon. 146 **wert best** had better. **look to 't** take care. 147 **grace** do credit to. 148 **practise** scheme. 150 **tane** taken. 154 **anatomize** analyze. 159 **go alone** walk without aid. 161 **stir** incite. 162 **gamester** athlete. 165 **device** purpose. **sorts** types of people. **enchantingly** as if by enchantment.

beloved, and indeed so much in the heart of the world and especially of my own people who best know him, that I am altogether misprised. But it shall not be so long; this wrastler shall clear all. Nothing remains but that I kindle the boy thither, which now I'll go about. *Exit.* 171

SCENE 2

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Celia. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

Rosalind. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of, and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure. 7

Celia. Herein I see thou lov'st me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the Duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine; so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously temper'd as mine is to thee. 14

Rosalind. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate to rejoice in yours.

Celia. You know my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have. And truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir; for what he hath taken away from

168 **misprised** despised. 169 **clear all** settle everything. 170 **kindle . . . thither** incite him to challenge the wrestler. 1 **coz** cousin. 4 I F omits. 6 **learn me** instruct me. 11 **so** provided that. 13 **righteously temper'd** thoroughly consistent. 16 **estate** fortune.

thy father perforce I will render thee again in affection. By mine honor, I will. And when I break that oath, let me turn monster. Therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

Rosalind. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports. Let me see. What think you of falling in love?

Celia. Marry, I prithee do, to make sport withal. But love no man in good earnest, nor no further in sport neither than with safety of a pure blush thou mayst in honor come off again.

Rosalind. What shall be our sport then?

Celia. Let us sit and mock the good housewife Fortune from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

Rosalind. I would we could do so, for her benefits are mightily misplaced and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Celia. 'Tis true. For those that she makes fair she scarce makes honest, and those that she makes honest she makes very ill-favoredly.

Rosalind. Nay, now thou goest from Fortune's office to Nature's. Fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of Nature.

Enter Clown [*Touchstone*].

Celia. No? When Nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by Fortune fall into the fire? Though Nature hath given us wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument?

20 **perforce** by force. 25 **sports** amusements. 27 **prithee** pray you; F *prethee*. 29 **with . . . blush** with modesty. 30 **come off** escape. 32 **housewife Fortune** N. 39 **honest** virtuous. 40 **ill-favoredly** ugly looking. 41 **office** function. 43 **Nature** N.

Rosalind. Indeed there is Fortune too hard for Nature, when Fortune makes Nature's natural the cutter-off of Nature's wit.

Celia. Peradventure this is not Fortune's work neither but Nature's, who perceiveth our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses and hath sent this natural for our whetstone. For always the dullness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits. How now, wit? Whether wander you?

Touchstone. Mistress, you must come away to your father.

Celia. Were you made the messenger?

Touchstone. No, by mine honor, but I was bid to come for you.

Rosalind. Where learned you that oath, fool?

Touchstone. Of a certain knight, that swore by his honor they were good pancakes and swore by his honor the mustard was naught. Now I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught and the mustard was good. And yet was not the knight forsworn.

Celia. How prove you that in the great heap of your knowledge?

Rosalind. Ay, marry, now unmuzzle your wisdom.

Touchstone. Stand you both forth now. Stroke your chins and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

Celia. By our beards—if we had them—thou art.

Touchstone. By my knavery—if I had it—then I were. But if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn. No more was this knight swearing by his honor, for he never had any; or, if he had, he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

50 **natural** idiot. 54 **reason** of discuss. **and** F omits. 55 **whetstone** N. 57 **whether** whither. 66 **naught** worthless. **stand to it** maintain. 68 **was . . . forsworn** did not swear falsely.

Celia. Prithee, who is't that thou mean'st?

Touchstone. One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

Celia. My father's love is enough to honor him enough. Speak no more of him. You'll be whipt for taxation one of these days.

Touchstone. The more pity that fools may not speak wisely what wise men do foolishly.

Celia. By my troth, thou sayest true; for, since the little wit that fools have was silenced, the little foolery that wise men have makes a great show. Here comes Monsieur Le Beau.

Enter Le Beau.

Rosalind. With his mouth full of news.

Celia. Which he will put on us as pigeons feed their young.

Rosalind. Then shall we be news-cramm'd.

Celia. All the better; we shall be the more marketable. *Bon jour*, Monsieur Le Beau, what's the news?

Le Beau. Fair Princess, you have lost much good sport.

Celia. Sport? Of what color?

Le Beau. What color, madam? How shall I answer you?

Rosalind. As wit and fortune will.

Touchstone. Or as the Destinies decree.

Celia. Well said. That was laid on with a trowel.

Touchstone. Nay, if I keep not my rank.

Rosalind. Thou losest thy old smell.

84 **Celia** N. 85 **enough** N. 86 **taxation** insolent criticism, slander. 89 **troth** faith. 94 **put on** force on. 97 **marketable** plumper and therefore more valuable. 98 **Bon jour** N. 101 **color** sort. 108 **smell** N.

Le Beau. You amaze me, ladies. I would have told you of good wrastling, which you have lost the sight of.

Rosalind. Yet tell us the manner of the wrastling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning, and if it please your ladyships, you may see the end; for the best is yet to do. And here where you are they are coming to perform it.

Celia. Well, the beginning that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man and his three sons.

Celia. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau. Three proper young men of excellent growth and presence.

Rosalind. With bills on their necks: 'Be it known unto all men by these presents.'

Le Beau. The eldest of the three wrastled with Charles, the Duke's wrastler; which Charles in a moment threw him and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him. So he serv'd the second, and so the third. Yonder they lie, the poor old man their father making such pitiful dole over them that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Rosalind. Alas!

Touchstone. But what is the sport, Monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

Le Beau. Why, this that I speak of.

Touchstone. Thus men may grow wiser every day. It is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

109 **amaze** perplex. 115 **to do** to be done. 120 **old tale** N. 122 **proper** admirable. 123 **presence** carriage. 124 **bills** signs. 125 **presents** N. 127 **which** N. 128 **that** so that. 131 **dole** lamentation.

Celia. Or I, I promise thee.

Rosalind. But is there any else longs to see this broken music in his sides? Is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking? Shall we see this wrastling, cousin?

Le Beau. You must if you stay here; for here is the place appointed for the wrastling, and they are ready to perform it.

Celia. Yonder sure they are coming. Let us now stay and see it.

Flourish. Enter Duke [*Frederick*], *Lords, Orlando, Charles, and Attendants.*

Duke. Come on. Since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

Rosalind. Is yonder the man?

Le Beau. Even he, madam.

Celia. Alas, he is too young; yet he looks successfully.

Duke. How now, daughter and cousin, are you crept hither to see the wrastling?

Rosalind. Ay, my liege, so please you give us leave.

Duke. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you. There is such odds in the man. In pity of the challenger's youth I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated. Speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him.

Celia. Call him hether, good Monsieur Le Beau.

Duke. Do so. I'll not be by.

Le Beau. Monsieur the Challenger, the princess calls for you.

142. **any** anyone. **longs** who longs. 143 **broken music** N. 151 **entreated** persuaded. 152 **forwardness** foolhardiness. 155 **looks successfully** seems able to succeed. 161 **such . . . man** N. 162 **fain** be glad to. 165 **hether** N.

Orlando. I attend them with all respect and duty.

Rosalind. Young man, have you challeng'd Charles the Wrastler?

Orlando. No, fair princess, he is the general challenger. I come but in as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

Celia. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years. You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength. If you saw yourself with your eyes or knew yourself with your judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you for your own sake to embrace your own safety and give over this attempt.

Rosalind. Do, young sir. Your reputation shall not therefore be misprised. We will make it our suit to the Duke that the wrastling might not go forward.

Orlando. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts, wherein I confess me much guilty to deny so fair and excellent ladies anything. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial; wherein if I be foil'd, there is but one sham'd that was never gracious; if kill'd, but one dead that is willing to be so. I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing. Only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

Rosalind. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

Celia. And mine to eke out hers.

Rosalind. Fare you well. Pray heaven I be deceiv'd in you.

169 **them** N. 183 **misprised** despised. **suit** petition. 190 **gracious** in good favor. 199 **deceiv'd** in mistaken about (i.e. his strength).

Celia. Your heart's desires be with you.

Charles. Come, where is this young gallant that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

Orlando. Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

Duke. You shall try but one fall.

Charles. No, I warrant your grace you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

Orlando. You mean to mock me after; you should not have mock'd me before. But come your ways.

Rosalind. Now Hercules be thy speed, young man.

Celia. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg. [*Charles and Orlando*] *Wrastle.*

Rosalind. O excellent young man!

Celia. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down. [*Charles is thrown.*] *Shout.*

Duke. No more, no more.

Orlando. Yes, I beseech your grace; I am not yet well breath'd.

Duke. How dost thou, Charles?

Le Beau. He cannot speak, my lord.

Duke. Bear him away. What is thy name, young man?

Orlando. Orlando, my liege, the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys.

Duke. I would thou hadst been son to some man else.
The world esteem'd thy father honorable,
But I did find him still mine enemy.

205 **modest working** moderate intention. 212 **Hercules be thy speed** May Hercules give you good fortune. 220 **well breath'd** fully exercised. 227 **some man else** some other man. 229 **still** always.

Thou should'st have better pleas'd me with this deed,
Hadst thou descended from another house.
But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth.
I would thou hadst told me of another father.

Exeunt Duke, [Le Beau, and Lords].

Celia. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

Orlando. I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's son,
His youngest son, and would not change that calling
To be adopted heir to Frederick.

Rosalind. My father lov'd Sir Rowland as his soul,
And all the world was of my father's mind.
Had I before known this young man his son,
I should have given him tears unto entreaties,
Ere he should thus have ventur'd.

Celia. Gentle cousin,
Let us go thank him and encourage him.
My father's rough and envious disposition
Sticks me at heart. Sir, you have well deserv'd.
If you do keep your promises in love
But justly as you have exceeded all promise,
Your mistress shall be happy.

Rosalind [presenting a locket]. Gentleman,
Wear this for me, one out of suits with fortune
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.
Shall we go, coz?

Celia. Ay; fare you well, fair gentleman.

Orlando. Can I not say 'I thank you'? My better parts
Are all thrown down, and that which here stands up
Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block.

233 **thou hadst** to be read 'thou'dst.' 236 **calling** name. 241 **unto** in addition to. 245 **Sticks me at heart** stabs me in the heart. 247 **But justly** as exactly. 249 **out of suits** out of favor N. 252 **parts** qualities. 254 **quintain** N.

Rosalind. He calls us back. My pride fell with my fortunes.
I'll ask him what he would. Did you call, sir?
Sir, you have wrastled well and overthrown
More than your enemies.
Celia. Will you go, coz?
Rosalind. Have with you. Fare you well. *Exeunt.*
Orlando. What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?
I cannot speak to her, yet she urg'd conference.

Enter Le Beau.

O poor Orlando, thou art overthrown;
Or Charles or something weaker masters thee.
Le Beau. Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you
To leave this place. Albeit you have deserv'd
High commendation, true applause, and love,
Yet such is now the Duke's condition
That he misconsters all that you have done.
The Duke is humorous. What he is indeed
More suits you to conceive than I to speak of.
Orlando. I thank you, sir. And pray you, tell me this:
Which of the two was daughter of the Duke,
That here was at the wrastling?
Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners.
But yet indeed the taller is his daughter.
The other is daughter to the banish'd Duke
And here detain'd by her usurping uncle

259 **Have with you** I'm coming with you. 260 **passion** a strong emotion. 261 **urg'd conference** invited conversation. 267 **condition** mood. 268 **misconsters** misconstrues. 269 **humorous** temperamental N. 275 **taller** N. 276 **other is** to be read 'other's.'

To keep his daughter company, whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.
But I can tell you that of late this Duke
Hath tane displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece,
Grounded upon no other argument
But that the people praise her for her virtues,
And pity her for her good father's sake.
And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
Will suddenly break forth. Sir, fare you well.
Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

Orlando. I rest much bounden to you. Fare you well. [*Exit Le Beau.*]

Thus must I from the smoke into the smother,
From tyrant Duke unto a tyrant brother.
But heavenly Rosalind! *Exit.*

SCENE 3

Enter Celia and Rosalind.

Celia. Why, cousin, why, Rosalind! Cupid have mercy, not a word?

Rosalind. Not one to throw at a dog.

Celia. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon curs; throw some of them at me. Come, lame me with reasons.

Rosalind. Then there were two cousins laid up, when the one should be lam'd with reasons and the other mad without any.

281 **tane** taken. 282 **argument** cause. 289 **bounden** obligated. 290 **from . . . smother** 'out of the frying pan into the fire.' SD **Rosalind** N. (SD is used throughout to indicate stage direction.) 8 **reasons** N.

Celia. But is all this for your father?

Rosalind. No, some of it is for my child's father. O, how full of briers is this working-day world.

Celia. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery. If we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

Rosalind. I could shake them off my coat. These burs are in my heart.

Celia. Hem them away.

Rosalind. I would try, if I could cry 'hem' and have him.

Celia. Come, come, wrastle with thy affections.

Rosalind. O, they take the part of a better wrastler than myself.

Celia. O, a good wish upon you! You will try in time, in despite of a fall. But, turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest. Is it possible on such a sudden you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir Rowland's youngest son?

Rosalind. The Duke my father lov'd his father dearly.

Celia. Doth it therefore ensue that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chase I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly. Yet I hate not Orlando.

Rosalind. No, faith. Hate him not, for my sake.

Celia. Why should I not? Doth he not deserve well?

Enter Duke with Lords.

Rosalind. Let me love him for that, and you do love him because I do. Look, here comes the Duke.

18 **Hem** clear away with a cough. 19 **'hem' . . . him** N. 21 **affections** feelings. 25 **in despite of** notwithstanding. **turning . . . service** putting aside. 32 **chase** pursuit of an argument. 36 **deserve well** N.

Celia. With his eyes full of anger.

Duke. Mistress, dispatch you with your safest haste
And get you from our court.

Rosalind. Me, uncle?

Duke. You, cousin.
Within these ten days if that thou beest found
So near our public court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it.

Rosalind. I do beseech your Grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me.
If with myself I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires;
If that I do not dream, or be not frantic—
As I do trust I am not—then, dear uncle,
Never so much as in a thought unborn
Did I offend your highness.

Duke. Thus do all traitors.
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself.
Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not.

Rosalind. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor.
Tell me whereon the likelihood depends.

Duke. Thou art thy father's daughter; there's enough.

Rosalind. So was I when your highness took his dukedom;
So was I when your highness banish'd him.
Treason is not inherited, my lord;
Or if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me? My father was no traitor.

40 **dispatch you** remove yourself. 46 **hold intelligence** communicate. 48 **If that** if. 52 **purgation** absolution from guilt. 53 **grace** virtue. 56 **likelihood** possibility. 61 **friends** relatives.

Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much
To think my poverty is treacherous.
Celia. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.
Duke. Ay, Celia, we stay'd her for your sake,
Else had she with her father rang'd along.
Celia. I did not then entreat to have her stay;
It was your pleasure, and your own remorse.
I was too young that time to value her,
But now I know her. If she be a traitor,
Why so am I. We still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together,
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled and inseparable.
Duke. She is too subtile for thee. And her smoothness,
Her very silence and her patience,
Speak to the people, and they pity her.
Thou art a fool. She robs thee of thy name,
And thou wilt show more bright and seem more virtuous
When she is gone. Then open not thy lips.
Firm and irrevocable is my doom
Which I have pass'd upon her: she is banish'd.
Celia. Pronounce that sentence then on me, my liege.
I cannot live out of her company.
Duke. You are a fool. You, niece, provide yourself.
If you outstay the time, upon mine honor
And in the greatness of my word, you die.
Exeunt Duke, etc.

64 **To** as to. 67 **rang'd** wandered. 69 **remorse** compassion. 72 **still** always. 73 **Rose** risen. **at an instant** at the same time. **eat** eaten (pronounced 'et'). 74 **Juno's swans** N. 76 **subtile** subtle, acute. 80 **show** appear. **virtuous** full of good qualities. 82 **doom** sentence. 88 **in . . . word** by my word as ruler.

Celia. O my poor Rosalind, whether wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.
I charge thee be not thou more griev'd than I am.
Rosalind. I have more cause.
Celia. Thou hast not, cousin.
Prithee, be cheerful. Know'st thou not the Duke
Hath banish'd me, his daughter?
Rosalind. That he hath not.
Celia. No? Hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one.
Shall we be sund'red? Shall we part, sweet girl?
No! Let my father seek another heir.
Therefore devise with me how we may fly,
Whether to go, and what to bear with us.
And do not seek to take your change upon you,
To bear your griefs yourself and leave me out.
For by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.
Rosalind. Why, whether shall we go?
Celia. To seek my uncle in the Forest of Arden.
Rosalind. Alas, what danger will it be to us—
Maids as we are—to travel forth so far?
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.
Celia. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire
And with a kind of umber smirch my face;
The like do you. So shall we pass along
And never stir assailants.
Rosalind. Were it not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man:
A gallant curtelaxe upon my thigh,
A boar spear in my hand, and—in my heart

89 **whether** whither. 101 **change** N. 110 **mean** lowly. 111 **umber** brown pigment. 113 **stir** incite. 114 **than common** than usually. 115 **all points** in all respects. 116 **curtelaxe** broad sword.

Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will—
We'll have a swashing and a martial outside,
As many other mannish cowards have
That do outface it with their semblances.
Celia. What shall I call thee when thou art a man?
Rosalind. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page,
And therefore look you call me Ganymede.
But what will you be call'd?
Celia. Something that hath a reference to my state:
No longer Celia but Aliena.
Rosalind. But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal
The clownish Fool out of your father's court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?
Celia. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me.
Leave me alone to woo him. Let's away
And get our jewels and our wealth together,
Devise the fittest time and safest way
To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After my flight. Now go we in content
To liberty, and not to banishment. *Exeunt.*

119 **swashing** swaggering. 121 **outface it** brazen it out. **semblances** appearances. 124 **Ganymede** N. 127 **Aliena** the cast off (Latin). 128 **assay'd** attempted. 132 **woo** persuade. 136 **in content** satisfied.

Act II

SCENE 1

Enter Duke Senior, Amiens, and two or three Lords like Foresters.

Duke Senior. Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we not the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference?—as, the icy fang
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind
Which when it bites and blows upon my body
E'en till I shrink with cold, I smile and say:
'This is no flattery; these are counselors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.'
Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

Amiens. I would not change it. Happy is your grace
That can translate the stubborness of Fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

1 **exile** stressed — –. 3 **painted** artificial N. 5 **the penalty of Adam** N. 6 **as** for example. 7 **churlish** rough. 9 **E'en** F *Even.* 12 **uses** benefits. 13 **toad** N. 15 **public haunt** resorts of men. 18 **Amiens** N. 20 **style** i.e. of life.

Duke Senior. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers of this desert city,
Should in their own confines with forked heads
Have their round hanches gor'd.
1 Lord. Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that,
And in that kind swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.
Today my Lord of Amiens and myself
Did steal behind him as he lay along
Under an oak whose anticke root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood.
To the which place a poor sequest'red stag,
That from the hunter's aim had tane a hurt,
Did come to languish. And indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting, and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase. And thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on th' extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.
Duke Senior. But what said Jaques?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?
1 Lord. O yes, into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping into the needless stream:
'Poor deer,' quoth he, 'thou mak'st a testament

23 **desert** uninhabited. 24 **confines** territory. **forked heads** hunting arrows. 25 **hanches** haunches. 26 **Jaques** N. 27 **in that kind** in that respect. 30 **along** stretched out. 31 **anticke** old (stressed ⏑ —). 32 **brawls** courses. 33 **sequest'red** separated from the herd. 41 **of** by. 42 **verge** bank. 44 **moralize** make a sermon on. 46 **needless** i.e. not needing any more water.

As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much.' Then, being there alone,
Left and abandoned of his velvet friends:
'Tis right,' quoth he, 'thus misery doth part
The flux of company.' Anon a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him
And never stays to greet him. 'Ay,' quoth Jaques,
'Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;
'Tis just the fashion. Wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?'
Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life, swearing that we
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,
To fright the animals and to kill them up
In their assign'd and native dwelling place.

Duke Senior. And did you leave him in this contemplation?

2 Lord. We did, my Lord, weeping and commenting
Upon the sobbing deer.

Duke Senior. Show me the place.
I love to cope him in these sullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.

1 Lord. I'll bring you to him straight. *Exeunt.*

48 **worldlings** people of the world. 49 **there** N. 50 **of** by. **velvet** N. 51 **part** part from. 52 **flux** stream. **Anon** presently. 58 **invectively** with denunciation. 59 **the** (before *country*) F omits. 62 **kill . . . up** kill off. 67 **cope** meet. 68 **matter** substance. 69 **straight** immediately.

SCENE 2

Enter Duke [*Frederick*], *with Lords.*

Duke. Can it be possible that no man saw them?
It cannot be; some villains of my court
Are of consent and sufferance in this.
1 Lord. I cannot hear of any that did see her.
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her abed, and in the morning early
They found the bed untreasur'd of their mistress.
2 Lord. My lord, the roynish Clown at whom so oft
Your Grace was wont to laugh is also missing.
Hisperia, the princess' gentlewoman,
Confesses that she secretly o'erheard
Your daughter and her cousin much commend
The parts and graces of the wrastler
That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles.
And she believes, wherever they are gone,
That youth is surely in their company.
Duke. Send to his brother; fetch that gallant hither.
If he be absent, bring his brother to me.
I'll make him find him. Do this suddenly,
And let not search and inquisition quail
To bring again these foolish runaways. *Exeunt.*

3 **Are . . . sufferance** have agreed and contrived. 8 **roynish** mangy. 13 **wrastler** here three syllables, 'wrasteler.' 19 **suddenly** immediately. 20 **inquisition** investigation. **quail** falter.

SCENE 3

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Orlando. Who's there?
Adam. What, my young master! O my gentle master,
O my sweet master, O you memory
Of old Sir Rowland. Why, what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? Why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?
Why would you be so fond to overcome
The bonny prizer of the humorous Duke?
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not, master, to some kind of men
Their graces serve them but as enemies?
No more do yours: your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
O what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it.
Orlando. Why, what's the matter?
Adam. O unhappy youth,
Come not within these doors. Within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives.
Your brother—no, no brother, yet the son
(Yet not the son, I will not call him son)
Of him I was about to call his father—
Hath heard your praises and this night he means

SD **Enter . . . Adam** N. 3 **memory** reminder. 4 **make you** are you doing. 5 **virtuous** full of good qualities. 7 **fond** foolish. 8 **bonny prizer** sturdy prize fighter. 15 **envenoms** poisons. 18 **graces** virtues.

To burn the lodging where you use to lie,
And you within it. If he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off.
I overheard him and his practices.
This is no place: this house is but a butchery.
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.
Orlando. Why, whether, Adam, would'st thou have me go?
Adam. No matter whether, so you come not here.
Orlando. What, would'st thou have me go and beg my food?
Or with a base and boist'rous sword enforce
A thievish living on the common road?
This I must do, or know not what to do;
Yet this I will not do, do how I can.
I rather will subject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood and bloody brother.
Adam. But do not so. I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I saved under your father,
Which I did store to be my foster nurse
When service should in my old limbs lie lame
And unregarded age in corners thrown.
Take that; and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age. Here is the gold;
All this I give you. Let me be your servant.
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility.

23 **use** are accustomed. 26 **practices** plots. 27 **place** i.e. for Orlando. **butchery** slaughterhouse. 29 **whether** whither. 32 **boist'rous** violent. 37 **diverted blood** unnatural relationship. 39 **thrifty hire** wages economically saved.

Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty but kindly. Let me go with you;
I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities.

Orlando. O good old man, how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed.
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat but for promotion,
And having that, do choke their service up
Even with the having; it is not so with thee.
But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree
That cannot so much as a blossom yield,
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry.
But come thy ways; we'll go along together,
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We'll light upon some settled low content.

Adam. Master, go on and I will follow thee
To the last gasp with truth and loyalty.
From seventeen years till now almost fourscore
Here lived I; but now live here no more.
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek,
But at fourscore it is too late a week.
Yet Fortune cannot recompense me better
Than to die well, and not my master's debtor.

Exeunt.

57 **constant** faithful. **antique** ancient (stressed ⏑ —). 58 **sweat** sweated. **meed** reward. 65 **In lieu of** in return for. 66 **come thy ways** come along. 68 **low** lowly. **content** peace. 74 **too late a week** far too late.

SCENE 4

Enter Rosalind for Ganymede, Celia for Aliena, and Clown, alias Touchstone.

Rosalind. O Jupiter, how weary are my spirits!

Touchstone. I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.

Rosalind. I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel and to cry like a woman. But I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat. Therefore courage, good Aliena.

Celia. I pray you, bear with me. I cannot go no further.

Touchstone. For my part, I had rather bear with you than bear you. Yet I should bear no cross if I did bear you, for I think you have no money in your purse.

Rosalind. Well, this is the Forest of Arden.

Touchstone. Ay, now am I in Arden, the more fool I. When I was at home I was in a better place, but travelers must be content.

Enter Corin and Silvius.

Rosalind. Ay, be so, good Touchstone. Look you, who comes here—a young man and an old in solemn talk.

Corin. That is the way to make her scorn you still.

Silvius. O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her.

Corin. I partly guess, for I have lov'd ere now.

1 weary N. 6 weaker vessel woman. doublet and hose Elizabethan male costume of jacket and tights. 12 cross N. 16 Arden N.

Silvius. No, Corin. Being old, thou canst not guess,
Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover
As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow.
But if thy love were ever like to mine—
As sure I think did never man love so—
How many actions most ridiculous
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?
Corin. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.
Silvius. O thou didst then ne'er love so heartily.
If thou rememb'rest not the slightest folly
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not lov'd.
Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,
Wearing thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,
Thou hast not lov'd.
Or if thou hast not broke from company
Abruptly as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not lov'd.
O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe! *Exit.*
Rosalind. Alas, poor shepherd! Searching of thy wound,
I have by hard adventure found mine own.
Touchstone. And I mine. I remember when I was in love, I broke my sword upon a stone and bid him take that for coming a-night to Jane Smile. And I remember the kissing of her batler and the cow's dugs that her pretty chopt hands had milk'd. And I remember the wooing of a peascod instead of her, from whom I took two cods, and giving them her again, said with weeping tears: 'Wear these for my sake.' We that are true lovers run into strange

31 **fantasy** love. 33 **ne'er** F *never*. 38 **Wearing** wearying. 44 **Searching of** probing. 45 **hard adventure** misfortune. 48 **a-night** at night. 49 **batler** a stick for beating clothes. 50 **chopt** chapped. 51 **peascod** peapod.

capers. But as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly.

Rosalind. Thou speak'st wiser than thou art ware of.

Touchstone. Nay, I shall ne'er be ware of mine own wit till I break my shins against it.

Rosalind. Jove, Jove, this shepherd's passion
Is much upon my fashion.

Touchstone. And mine. But it grows something stale with me.

Celia. I pray you, one of you question yond man,
If he for gold will give us any food.
I faint almost to death.

Touchstone. Holla, you clown!

Rosalind. Peace, fool! He's not thy kinsman.

Corin. Who calls?

Touchstone. Your betters, sir.

Corin. Else are they very wretched.

Rosalind. Peace, I say! Good even to you, friend.

Corin. And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.

Rosalind. I prithee, shepherd, if that love or gold
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may rest ourselves and feed.
Here's a young maid with travel much oppress'd,
And faints for succor.

Corin. Fair sir, I pity her,
And wish for her sake more than for mine own
My fortunes were more able to relieve her.
But I am shepherd to another man,

55 **capers** pranks. **mortal** N. 57 **ware** aware. 63 **something** somewhat. 64 **yond** yonder. 66 **clown** peasant. 67 **kinsman** N. 72 **entertainment** hospitality. 75 **succor** aid.

And do not shear the fleeces that I graze.
My master is of churlish disposition,
And little recks to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality.
Besides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed
Are now on sale; and at our sheepcote now,
By reason of his absence, there is nothing
That you will feed on. But what is, come see,
And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

Rosalind. What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture?

Corin. That young swain that you saw here but erewhile,
That little cares for buying anything.

Rosalind. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,
Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock,
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

Celia. And we will mend thy wages. I like this place
And willingly could waste my time in it.

Corin. Assuredly the thing is to be sold.
Go with me. If you like, upon report,
The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder be
And buy it with your gold right suddenly. *Exeunt.*

80 **churlish** niggardly. 81 **recks** cares. 83 **cote** cottage. **bounds of feed** extent of pasturage. 87 **in my voice** for my part. 88 **What** who. 89 **but erewhile** just now. 91 **stand** be consistent. 93 **have to pay** have money to pay. 94 **mend** raise. 95 **waste** pass. 99 **feeder** servant.

SCENE 5

Enter Amiens, Jaques, and others.

Song

[*Amiens.*] *Under the greenwood tree*
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither!
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Jaques. More, more, I prithee, more.

Amiens. It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jaques.

Jaques. I thank it. More, I prithee, more. I can suck melancholy out of a song as a weasel sucks eggs. More, I prithee, more.

Amiens. My voice is ragged; I know I cannot please you.

Jaques. I do not desire you to please me; I do desire you to sing. Come, more: another stanzo. Call you 'em stanzos?

Amiens. What you will, Monsieur Jaques.

Jaques. Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me nothing. Will you sing?

Amiens. More at your request than to please myself.

Jaques. Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you. But that they call compliment is like

3 **turn** adapt. 15 **ragged** uneven. 18 **stanzo** stanza. 21 **names** i.e. signatures on a bond of debt. 26 **that** what. **compliment** courtesy.

th' encounter of two dog-apes. And when a man thanks me heartily, methinks I have given him a penny, and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, sing. And you that will not, hold your tongues.

Amiens. Well, I'll end the song. Sirs, cover the while; the Duke will drink under this tree. He hath been all this day to look you.

Jaques. And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable for my company. I think of as many matters as he, but I give heaven thanks and make no boast of them. Come, warble, come.

Song

All together here.

Who doth ambition shun
And loves to lie i' th' sun,
Seeking the food he eats
And pleas'd with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither!
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Jaques. I'll give you a verse to this note that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.

Amiens. And I'll sing it.

Jaques. Thus it goes:

If it do come to pass
That any man turn ass,
Leaving his wealth and ease,
A stubborn will to please,
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame!

27 **dog-apes** dog-faced baboons. 31 **cover the while** set the table now. 33 **look** look for. 35 **disputable** prone to argue. 46 **note** tune. 47 **in . . . invention** without using my imagination. 54 **Ducdame** N.

Here shall he see
Gross fools as he,
And if he will come to me.

Amiens. What's that 'ducdame'?

Jaques. 'Tis a Greek invocation to call fools into a circle. I'll go sleep if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first born of Egypt.

Amiens. And I'll go seek the Duke. His banket is prepar'd. *Exeunt.*

SCENE 6

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Adam. Dear master, I can go no further. O, I die for food! Here lie I down and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master.

Orlando. Why, how now, Adam? No greater heart in thee? Live a little, comfort a little, cheer thyself a little. If this uncouth forest yield anything savage, I will either be food for it or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake, be comfortable; hold death awhile at the arm's end. I will here be with thee presently, and if I bring thee not something to eat, I will give thee leave to die; but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labor. Well said. Thou look'st cheerly, and I'll be with thee quickly. Yet thou liest in the bleak air. Come, I will bear thee to some shelter, and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if

57 **And if** an if, if only. 60 **circle** N. 61 **first born of Egypt** N. 62 **banket** banquet, a light meal of fruit and wine. 5 **comfort a little** take comfort. 6 **uncouth** unknown. 8 **conceit** imagination. 10 **presently** immediately. 13 **Well said** well done. 14 **cheerly** cheerful.

there live anything in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam. *Exeunt.*

SCENE 7

Enter Duke Senior, [Amiens,] and Lord, like Outlaws.

Duke Senior. I think he be transform'd into a beast,
For I can nowhere find him like a man.
1 Lord. My lord, he is but even now gone hence.
Here was he merry, hearing of a song.
Duke Senior. If he, compact of jars, grow musical,
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres.
Go seek him; tell him I would speak with him.

Enter Jaques.

1 Lord. He saves my labor by his own approach.
Duke Senior. Why, how now, monsieur! What a life is this
That your poor friends must woo your company.
What, you look merrily.
Jaques. A fool, a fool. I met a fool i' th' forest,
A motley fool—a miserable world.
As I do live by food I met a fool,
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,
And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms; and yet a motley fool.
'Good morrow, fool,' quoth I. 'No, sir,' quoth he,
'Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune.'
And then he drew a dial from his poke,

1 be is (the subjunctive form). 5 compact of jars made up of discord. 6 discord . . . spheres N. 11 merrily cheerful. 13 motley N. 17 good set terms precise terms. 20 dial sundial. poke pocket.

And looking on it with lackluster eye,
Says, very wisely: 'It is ten o'clock.'
'Thus we may see,' quoth he, 'how the world wags.
'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,
And after one hour more 'twill be eleven.
And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,
And then from hour to hour we rot and rot.
And thereby hangs a tale.' When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like Chanticleer
That fools should be so deep contemplative.
And I did laugh sans intermission,
An hour by his dial. O noble fool,
A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.

Duke Senior. What fool is this?

Jaques. O worthy fool—one that hath been a courtier
And says, if ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it. And in his brain,
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
After a voyage, he hath strange places cramm'd
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms. O that I were a fool!
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Duke Senior. Thou shalt have one.

Jaques. It is my only suit.
Provided that you weed your better judgments
Of all opinion that grows rank in them,
That I am wise. I must have liberty

23 **wags** moves along. 26 **hour** N. **ripe** grow ripe N. 29 **moral** moralize. 30 **Chanticleer** N. 31 **deep** deeply. 32 **sans** without. 39 **remainder biscuit** stale hardtack. 41 **vents** utters. 44 **suit** N. 46 **rank** luxuriant.

Withal, as large a charter as the wind
To blow on whom I please, for so fools have.
And they that are most galled with my folly,
They most must laugh. And why, sir, must they so?
The 'why' is plain as way to parish church:
He that a fool doth very wisely hit
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
Not to seem senseless of the bob. If not,
The wise man's folly is anatomiz'd
E'en by the squand'ring glances of the fool.
Invest me in my motley. Give me leave
To speak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foul body of th' infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Duke Senior. Fie on thee. I can tell what thou would'st do.

Jaques. What, for a counter, would I do but good?

Duke Senior. Most mischievous foul sin in chiding sin;
For thou thyself hath been a libertine
As sensual as the brutish sting itself.
And all th' embossed sores and headed evils
That thou with license of free foot hast caught,
Would'st thou disgorge into the general world.

Jaques. Why, who cries out on pride
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
Till that the weary very means do ebb?

48 **Withal** too. **charter** license. 50 **galled** irritated. 54 **Doth very foolishly** acts very foolishly. 55 **Not to** F omits. **senseless** insensible. **bob** taunt. 56 **anatomiz'd** analyzed. 57 **E'en** F *Even.* **squand'ring** random. 58 **Invest** clothe. 63 **counter** coin of little value, i.e. a wager. 66 **sting** lust. 67 **embossed** swollen. 69 **general** whole (to be read 'gen'ral'). 71 **tax** criticize. 73 **weary very means** N.

What woman in the city do I name,
When that I say the city woman bears
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?
Who can come in and say that I mean her,
When such a one as thee, such is her neighbor?
Or what is he of basest function
That says his bravery is not on my cost,
Thinking that I mean him, but therein suits
His folly to the mettle of my speech?
There then. How then? What then? Let me see wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him. If it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free,
Why then my taxing, like a wild goose, flies
Unclaim'd of any man. But who comes here?

Enter Orlando [*with sword drawn*].

Orlando. Forbear, and eat no more.
Jaques. Why, I have eat none yet.
Orlando. Nor shalt not, till necessity be serv'd.
Jaques. Of what kind should this cock come of?
Duke Senior. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distress,
Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in civility thou seem'st so empty?
Orlando. You touch'd my vein at first. The thorny point
Of bare distress hath tane from me the show
Of smooth civility; yet am I inland bred

80 **bravery** elaborate dress (to be read 'brav'ry'). **on my cost** at my expense. 82 **mettle** substance. 85 **free** not guilty. 88 **Forbear** abstain. 91 **bolden'd** emboldened. 93 **civility** courtesy. 94 **touch'd my vein** hit my feelings. 96 **inland bred** civilized.

And know some nurture. But forbear, I say.
He dies that touches any of this fruit
Till I and my affairs are answered.
Jaques. And you will not be answer'd with reason, I must die.
Duke Senior. What would you have? Your gentleness shall force
More than your force move us to gentleness.
Orlando. I almost die for food, and let me have it.
Duke Senior. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.
Orlando. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you.
I thought that all things had been savage here,
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment. But—whate'er you are
That in this desert inaccessible
Under the shade of melancholy boughs
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time—
If ever you have look'd on better days,
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church,
If ever sat at any good man's feast,
If ever from your eyelids wip'd a tear
And know what 'tis to pity and be pitied,
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be.
In the which hope I blush and hide my sword.
Duke Senior. True it is that we have seen better days,
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church,
And sat at good men's feasts, and wip'd our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engend'red.

97 **nurture** good breeding. 99 **answered** provided for. 100 **And** an (if). **reason** N. 109 **commandment** authority. 114 **knoll'd** tolled. 118 **enforcement** support.

And therefore sit you down in gentleness,
And take upon command what help we have
That to your wanting may be minist'red.
Orlando. Then but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles like a doe I go to find my fawn
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limp'd in pure love. Till he be first suffic'd,
Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,
I will not touch a bit.
Duke Senior. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste till you return.
Orlando. I thank ye, and be blest for your good comfort. *Exit.*
Duke Senior. Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy.
This wide and universal theater
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.
Jaques. All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players.
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
Then the whining schoolboy with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,

125 **upon command** at your pleasure. 126 **wanting** need. 132 **weak** causing weakness. 135 **comfort** help. 144 **Mewling** crying, mewing like a cat. 150 **pard** leopard.

Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble Reputation
E'en in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixt age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side;
His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank, and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion—
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

Enter Orlando with Adam.

Duke Senior. Welcome. Set down your venerable burthen,
And let him feed.

Orlando. I thank you most for him.

Adam. So had you need;
I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

Duke Senior. Welcome; fall to. I will not trouble you,
As yet to question you about your fortunes.
Give us some music and, good cousin, sing.

151 **Jealous in** suspiciously careful of. 153 **E'en** F *Even*. 156 **saws** maxims. **modern instances** everyday illustrations. 157 **sixt** sixth. 158 **pantaloon** old dotard N. 163 **his** its. 165 **mere** total. 166 **Sans** without. 167 **burthen** burden

Song

[*Amiens.*] *Blow, blow, thou winter wind*
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude.
Thy tooth is not so keen
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh ho, sing heigh ho, unto the green holly!
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then heigh ho, the holly,
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot.
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend rememb'red not.
Heigh ho, sing, etc.

Duke Senior. If that you were the good Sir Rowland's son,
As you have whisper'd faithfully you were,
And as mine eye doth his effigies witness
Most truly limn'd and living in your face,
Be truly welcome hither. I am the Duke
That lov'd your father. The residue of your fortune,
Go to my cave and tell me. Good old man,
Thou art right welcome, as thy master is.
Support him by the arm. Give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes understand. *Exeunt.*

187 **warp** i.e. by turning into ice. 193 **effigies** likeness (stressed — ˘ ˘ —). 194 **limn'd** portrayed.

Act III

SCENE 1

Enter Duke [*Frederick*], *Lords, and Oliver.*

Duke. Not see him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be.
But were I not the better part made mercy,
I should not seek an absent argument
Of my revenge, thou present. But look to it:
Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is;
Seek him with candle; bring him dead or living
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
To seek a living in our territory.
Thy lands and all things that thou dost call thine,
Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands,
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth
Of what we think against thee.
Oliver. O that your highness knew my heart in this.
I never lov'd my brother in my life.
Duke. More villain thou. Well, push him out of doors,
And let my officers of such a nature
Make an extent upon his house and lands.
Do this expediently, and turn him going. *Exeunt.*

2 **made mercy** made of mercy. 3 **argument** object, i.e. Orlando. 6 **candle** N. 7 **turn** return. 11 **quit** absolve. 16 **of such a nature** whose business it **is.** 17 **extent** seizure. 18 **expediently** expeditiously.

SCENE 2

Enter Orlando.

Orlando. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love.
And thou, thrice crowned Queen of Night, survey
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
Thy huntress' name that my full life doth sway.
O Rosalind, these trees shall be my books
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character,
That every eye which in this forest looks
Shall see thy virtue witness'd everywhere.
Run, run, Orlando! Carve on every tree
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she. *Exit.*

Enter Corin and Clown [*Touchstone*].

Corin. And how like you this shepherd's life, Master Touchstone?

Touchstone. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vild life. Now, in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humor well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?

Corin. No more but that I know the more one sick-

2 Queen of Night the moon N. 4 huntress' name N. full entire. sway rule. 6 character inscribe. 7 That so that. 10 unexpressive indescribable. 15 naught worthless. 16 private lonely. 17 vild vile. 19 spare frugal. 21 philosophy science, general knowledge.

ens, the worse at ease he is; and that he that wants money, means, and content is without three good friends; that the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn; that good pasture makes fat sheep; and that a great cause of the night is lack of the sun; that he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art may complain of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.

Touchstone. Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wast ever in court, shepherd?

Corin. No, truly.

Touchstone. Then thou art damn'd.

Corin. Nay, I hope.

Touchstone. Truly thou art damn'd like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side.

Corin. For not being at court? Your reason.

Touchstone. Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never saw'st good manners. If thou never saw'st good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd.

Corin. Not a whit, Touchstone. Those that are good manners at the court are as ridiculous in the country as the behavior of the country is most mockable at the court. You told me you salute not at the court, but you kiss your hands. That courtesy would be uncleanly if courtiers were shepherds.

Touchstone. Instance briefly. Come, instance.

Corin. Why, we are still handling our ewes, and their fells you know are greasy.

Touchstone. Why, do not your courtier's hands

29 **wit** knowledge. 30 **complain . . . breeding** complain of the lack of good breeding. 41 **manners** N. 49 **but** unless. 51 **Instance** give an example. 52 **still** always. 53 **fells** fleeces.

sweat? And is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow. A better instance, I say. Come.

Corin. Besides, our hands are hard.

Touchstone. Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow again. A more sounder instance, come.

Corin. And they are often tarr'd over with the surgery of our sheep. And would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfum'd with civet.

Touchstone. Most shallow man, thou worm's meat in respect of a good piece of flesh indeed, learn of the wise and perpend: civet is of baser birth than tar, the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

Corin. You have too courtly a wit for me. I'll rest.

Touchstone. Wilt thou rest damn'd? God help thee, shallow man. God make incision in thee; thou art raw.

Corin. Sir, I am a true laborer. I earn that I eat, get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good, content with my harm; and the greatest of my pride is to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck.

Touchstone. That is another simple sin in you—to bring the ewes and the rams together and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle; to be bawd to a bellwether and to betray a she-lamb of a twelvemonth to a crooked-pated old cuckoldly ram,

61 **tarr'd** N. 63 **civet** perfume derived from the civet cat. 64 **worm's meat** food for worms. 65 **in respect of** in comparison with. 66 **perpend** consider. 67 **flux** discharge. **Mend** improve. 71 **incision** an operation (to cure his folly). 72 **raw** inexperienced, simple (with a pun on 'sore'). 73 **that** what. 78 **simple** foolish. 79 **offer** undertake. 81 **bellwether** the leading sheep in a flock carries a bell. 82 **cuckoldly** N.

out of all reasonable match. If thou beest not damn'd for this, the divell himself will have no shepherds. I cannot see else how thou shouldst scape.

Corin. Here comes young Master Ganymede, my new mistress' brother.

Enter Rosalind [*reading from a paper*].

Rosalind. *From the east to western Ind,*
No jewel is like Rosalind.
Her worth being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.
All the pictures fairest lin'd
Are but black to Rosalind.
Let no face be kept in mind
But the fair of Rosalind.

Touchstone. I'll rhyme you so eight years together, dinners and suppers and sleeping hours excepted. It is the right butter-women's rank to market.

Rosalind. Out, fool!

Touchstone. For a taste:

If a hart do lack a hind,
Let him seek out Rosalind.
If the cat will after kind,
So be sure will Rosalind.
Winter garments must be lin'd;
So must slender Rosalind.
They that reap must sheaf and bind,
Then to cart with Rosalind.
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind:
Such a nut is Rosalind.
He that sweetest rose will find,
Must find love's prick and Rosalind.

83 **out . . . match** a quite unsuitable match. 84 **divell** devil. 88 **Ind** N. 92 **lin'd** drawn. 95 **fair** i.e. fair face. 98 **right** precise. **butter-women's rank** N. 99 **Out** away with you. 100 **taste** sample. 103 **after kind** follow nature. 108 **to cart** N.

This is the very false gallop of verses. Why do you infect yourself with them?

Rosalind. Peace, you dull fool. I found them on a tree.

Touchstone. Truly the tree yields bad fruit.

Rosalind. I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it with a medlar. Then it will be the earliest fruit i' th' country: for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medlar.

Touchstone. You have said; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.

Enter Celia with a writing.

Rosalind. Peace! Here comes my sister reading; stand aside.

Celia. *Why should this a desert be?*
For it is unpeopled? No.
Tongues I'll hang on every tree
That shall civil sayings show:
Some, how brief the life of man
Runs his erring pilgrimage,
That the stretching of a span
Buckles in his sum of age;
Some, of violated vows
'Twixt the souls of friend and friend.
But upon the fairest boughs,
Or at every sentence end,
Will I 'Rosalinda' write,
Teaching all that read to know
The quintessence of every sprite
Heaven would in little show.

118 **graff** graft. **you** a pun on 'yew.' 119 **medlar** N. 121 **right virtue** proper characteristic. 127 **a** F omits. 128 **For** because. 130 **civil** polite. 132 **erring** wandering. 134 **Buckles in** limits. 141 **quintessence** the most highly refined essence (stressed ˊ — — ˊ—). 142 **in little** in miniature.

Therefore heaven nature charg'd
That one body should be fill'd
With all graces wide enlarg'd.
Nature presently distill'd
Helen's cheek but not her heart,
Cleopatra's majesty,
Atalanta's better part,
Sad Lucretia's modesty.
Thus Rosalind of many parts
By heavenly synod was devis'd,
Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
To have the touches dearest priz'd.
Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
And I to live and die her slave.

Rosalind. O most gentle Jupiter, what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal and never cried: 'Have patience, good people.'

Celia. How now? Back, friends. Shepherd, go off a little; go with him, sirrah.

Touchstone. Come, shepherd. Let us make an honorable retreat, though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage. *Exeunt.*

Celia. Didst thou hear these verses?

Rosalind. O yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

Celia. That's no matter. The feet might bear the verses.

Rosalind. Ay, but the feet were lame and could not bear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

145 **wide enlarg'd** in fullest manifestation. 147 **Helen's** Helen of Troy, the immediate cause of the Trojan War. 148 **Cleopatra's** queen of Egypt, mistress of Caesar and Antony. 149 **Atalanta's** Grecian huntress famed for fleetness of foot. 150 **Lucretia's** Roman woman dishonored by Tarquin. 152 **synod** council. 157 **Jupiter** N. 163 **bag and baggage** equipment (a military term). 164 **scrip and scrippage** a wallet and its contents.

Celia. But didst thou hear without wondering how thy name should be hang'd and carved upon these trees?

Rosalind. I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder before you came; for look here what I found on a palm tree. I was never so berhym'd since Pythagoras' time that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember.

Celia. Trow you who hath done this?

Rosalind. Is it a man?

Celia. And a chain that you once wore—about his neck. Change you color?

Rosalind. I prithee, who?

Celia. O Lord, Lord, it is a hard matter for friends to meet. But mountains may be remov'd with earthquakes, and so encounter.

Rosalind. Nay, but who is it?

Celia. Is it possible?

Rosalind. Nay, I prithee now with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Celia. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! And yet again wonderful and after that, out of all hooping.

Rosalind. Good my complexion! Dost thou think, though I am caparison'd like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South Sea of discovery. I prithee, tell me who is it quickly and speak apace. I would thou couldst stammer, that thou mightst pour this conceal'd man out of thy mouth as wine comes out of a narrow-

179 Pythagoras' time N. 180 that when. Irish rat N. 182 Trow know. 192 petitionary vehemence vehement petition. 196 out of all hooping beyond all shouting. 197 Good my complexion N. 198 caparison'd outfitted. 200 South Sea of discovery N. 201 apace with haste.

mouth'd bottle, either too much at once or none at all. I prithee, take the cork out of thy mouth that I may drink thy tidings.

Celia. So you may put a man in your belly?

Rosalind. Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat? Or his chin worth a beard?

Celia. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Rosalind. Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful. Let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Celia. It is young Orlando, that tripp'd up the wrastler's heels and your heart, both in an instant.

Rosalind. Nay, but the divell take mocking. Speak sad brow and true maid.

Celia. I'faith, coz, 'tis he.

Rosalind. Orlando?

Celia. Orlando.

Rosalind. Alas the day! What shall I do with my doublet and hose? What did he when thou saw'st him? What said he? How look'd he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? And when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

Celia. You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth first; 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size. To say 'ay' and 'no' to these particulars is more than to answer in a catechism.

Rosalind. But doth he know that I am in this forest and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrastled?

217 **Speak . . . maid** speak solemnly and truly. 224 **Wherein went he?** how was he dressed? 228 **Gargantua's mouth** N. 233 **freshly** vigorous.

Celia. It is as easy to count atomies as to resolve the propositions of a lover. But take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance: I found him under a tree, like a dropp'd acorn.

Rosalind. It may well be call'd Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit.

Celia. Give me audience, good madam.

Rosalind. Proceed.

Celia. There lay he stretch'd along like a wounded knight.

Rosalind. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

Celia. Cry 'holla' to the tongue, I prithee; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnish'd like a hunter.

Rosalind. O ominous: he comes to kill my heart.

Celia. I would sing my song without a burthen; thou bring'st me out of tune.

Rosalind. Do you not know I am a woman? When I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

Enter Orlando and Jaques.

Celia. You bring me out. Soft, comes he not here?

Rosalind. 'Tis he. Slink by and note him.

Jaques. I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

Orlando. And so had I; but yet for fashion sake I thank you too for your society.

Jaques. God buy you. Let's meet as little as we can.

235 **atomies** motes. **resolve** answer. 236 **propositions** questions. 237 **good observance** careful attention. 239 **Jove's tree** N. 240 **such** F omits. 241 **audience** attention. 247 **'holla'** stop. **curvets** prances. 248 **furnish'd** dressed. 249 **heart** with a pun on 'hart.' 250 **burthen** refrain. 254 **bring me out** confuse, bring out of tune. 255 **note** observe. 257 **myself alone** by myself. 260 **buy** F contraction of 'be with.'

Orlando. I do desire we may be better strangers.
Jaques. I pray you mar no more trees with writing
ove songs in their barks.
Orlando. I pray you mar no moe of my verses with
eading them ill-favoredly.
Jaques. Rosalind is your love's name?
Orlando. Yes, just.
Jaques. I do not like her name.
Orlando. There was no thought of pleasing you
hen she was christen'd.
Jaques. What stature is she of?
Orlando. Just as high as my heart.
Jaques. You are full of pretty answers. Have you
ot been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives and
onn'd them out of rings?
Orlando. Not so. But I answer your right painted
loth, from whence you have studied your questions.
Jaques. You have a nimble wit; I think 'twas made
f Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me?
nd we two will rail against our mistress, the World,
nd all our misery.
Orlando. I will chide no breather in the world but
nyself, against whom I know most faults.
Jaques. The worst fault you have is to be in love.
Orlando. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your
est virtue. I am weary of you.
Jaques. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool when
found you.
Orlando. He is drown'd in the brook. Look but in
nd you shall see him.
Jaques. There I shall see mine own figure.

264 **moe** more. 265 **ill-favoredly** incorrectly. 267 **just** exactly. 274 **goldsmiths' wives . . . rings** N. 276 **right** regular. **painted** loth N. 279 **Atalanta's heels** N. 282 **breather** living person.

Orlando. Which I take to be either a fool or a cipher.

Jaques. I'll tarry no longer with you. Farewell, good Signior Love.

Orlando. I am glad of your departure. Adieu, good Monsieur Melancholy. [*Exit Jaques.*]

Rosalind. I will speak to him like a saucy lacky and under that habit play the knave with him. Do you hear, forester?

Orlando. Very well. What would you?

Rosalind. I pray you, what is't o'clock?

Orlando. You should ask me what time o' day. There's no clock in the forest.

Rosalind. Then there is no true lover in the forest, else sighing every minute and groaning every hour would detect the lazy foot of Time as well as a clock.

Orlando. And why not the swift foot of Time? Had not that been as proper?

Rosalind. By no means, sir. Time travels in divers paces with divers persons. I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

Orlando. I prithee, who does he trot withal?

Rosalind. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemniz'd. If the interim be but a sennight, Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven year.

Orlando. Who ambles Time withal?

Rosalind. With a priest that lacks Latin and a

292 **cipher** zero. 299 **under that habit** in that guise. 307 **detect** show. 311 **divers** different. 313 **withal** with. 318 **sennight** a week (seven nights).

ch man that hath not the gout; for the one sleeps
sily because he cannot study, and the other lives
errily because he feels no pain: the one lacking
e burthen of lean and wasteful learning, the other
nowing no burthen of heavy tedious penury. These
Time ambles withal.

Orlando. Who doth he gallop withal?

Rosalind. With a thief to the gallows. For though
e go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself
oo soon there.

Orlando. Who stays it still withal?

Rosalind. With lawyers in the vacation; for they
eep between term and term, and then they perceive
ot how Time moves.

Orlando. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Rosalind. With this shepherdess, my sister, here in
e skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orlando. Are you native of this place?

Rosalind. As the cony that you see dwell where she
kindled.

Orlando. Your accent is something finer than you
ould purchase in so removed a dwelling.

Rosalind. I have been told so of many. But, indeed,
n old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak,
ho was in his youth an inland man—one that knew
ourtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have
eard him read many lectors against it, and I thank
od I am not a woman, to be touch'd with so many

326 **wasteful** causing bodily waste. 335 **term** period of court
ssion. 341 **cony** rabbit. 342 **kindled** born (used only of rabbits).
344 **purchase** acquire. **removed** remote. 345 **of** by. 346 **religious**
. member of a religious order. 347 **inland man** cultivated person
om the city. 348 **courtship** manners of court life (with a pun on
ooing'). 349 **lectors** lectures. 350 **touch'd** tainted.

giddy offences as he hath generally tax'd their whole sex withal.

Orlando. Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

Rosalind. There were none principal. They were all like one another as halfpence are, every one fault seeming monstrous till his fellow fault came to match it.

Orlando. I prithee, recount some of them.

Rosalind. No, I will not cast away my physic but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest that abuses our young plants with carving 'Rosalind' on their barks, hangs odes upon hawthornes and elegies on brambles—all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind. If I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

Orlando. I am he that is so love-shak'd. I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Rosalind. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you. He taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes I am sure you are not prisoner.

Orlando. What were his marks?

Rosalind. A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye and sunken, which you have not; an unquestionable spirit, which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not. But I pardon you for that for, simply, your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue. Then your hose should be ungarter'd, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbutton'd, your shoe

366 **fancy-monger** dealer in love. 367 **quotidian** an ague, a daily fever. 372 **cage of rushes** unsubstantial prison. 374 **blue eye** i.e. with dark circles under it. 375 **unquestionable** unwilling to talk. 378 **simply** to tell the truth. **having in beard** the extent of your beard. 379 **revenue** inheritance.

untied, and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man: you are rather point device in your accoustrements, as loving yourself, than seeming the lover of any other.

Orlando. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Rosalind. Me believe it? You may as soon make her that you love believe it, which I warrant she is apter to do than to confess she does. That is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

Orlando. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Rosalind. But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

Orlando. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

Rosalind. Love is merely a madness and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do. And the reason why they are not so punish'd and cured is that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too. Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

Orlando. Did you ever cure any so?

Rosalind. Yes, one, and in this manner: he was to imagine me his love, his mistress, and I set him every day to woo me. At which time would I—being

382 **careless desolation** depression making one unconcerned with personal appearance. 383 **point device** extremely precise. **accoustrements** accouterments, clothes. 388 **apter** readier. 391 **sooth** truth. 400 **merely** absolutely. 401 **dark house** N. 404 **profess** claim.

but a moonish youth—grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing and liking, proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something, and for no passion truly anything, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this color. Would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humor of love to a living humor of madness, which was to forswear the full stream of the world and to live in a nook merely monastic. And thus I cur'd him, and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't.

Orlando. I would not be cured, youth. 424

Rosalind. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cote and woo me.

Orlando. Now, by the faith of my love, I will. Tell me where it is. 429

Rosalind. Go with me to it, and I'll show it you. And by the way you shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go?

Orlando. With all my heart, good youth.

Rosalind. Nay, you must call me Rosalind. Come, sister. Will you go? *Exeunt.* 435

410 **moonish** changeable. 411 **fantastical** capricious. **apish** frivolous. 417 **that** so that. 418 **humor** condition. 422 **liver** N.

SCENE 3

Enter Clown [*Touchstone*], *Audrey, and Jaques.*

Touchstone. Come apace, good Audrey. I will fetch
p your goats, Audrey. And how, Audrey, am I the
an yet? Doth my simple feature content you?
Audrey. Your features! Lord warrant us, what fea-
ures?
Touchstone. I am here with thee and thy goats as
he most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among
he Goths.
Jaques [*aside*]. O knowledge ill-inhabited, worse
han Jove in a thatch'd house.
Touchstone. When a man's verses cannot be under-
tood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the for-
ard child, Understanding, it strikes a man more
ead than a great reckoning in a little room. Truly,
would the gods had made thee poetical.
Audrey. I do not know what poetical is. Is it honest
deed and word? Is it a true thing?
Touchstone. No, truly, for the truest poetry is the
ost feigning, and lovers are given to poetry. And
hat they swear in poetry may be said, as lovers,
ey do feign.
Audrey. Do you wish then that the gods had made
e poetical?
Touchstone. I do truly, for thou swear'st to me
ou art honest. Now if thou wert a poet, I might
ave some hope thou didst feign.

Come apace hurry along. 3 **feature** face and figure N. 4 **warrant** protect. 7 **capricious** N. 8 **Goths** N. 9 **ill-inhabited** poorly housed. 10 Jove Jupiter or Zeus, ruler of the gods. 14 **reckoning . . . room** N. 16 **honest** respectable.

Audrey. Would you not have me honest?

Touchstone. No, truly, unless thou wert hard favor'd. For honesty coupled to beauty is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

Jaques [*aside*]. A material fool.

Audrey. Well, I am not fair, and therefore I pray the gods make me honest.

Touchstone. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

Audrey. I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.

Touchstone. Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness; sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee, and to that end I have been with Sir Oliver Martext, the vicar of the next village, who hath promis'd to meet me in this place of the forest and to couple us.

Jaques [*aside*]. I would fain see this meeting.

Audrey. Well, the gods give us joy.

Touchstone. Amen. A man may, if he were of fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though? Courage. As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said many a man knows no end of his goods. Right. Many a man has good horns and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 'tis none of his own getting. Horns? Even so. Poor men alone? No, no. The noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal. Is the single man therefore blessed? No. As a wall'd town is more worthier

27 honest chaste. 28 hard favor'd ugly. 31 material full of ideas. 35 foul ugly. 42 Sir N. 44 couple join, marry. 48 heart N. 49 horn-beasts N. 50 But what though? but what of that? 56 rascal a young or inferior deer.

han a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honorable than the bare brow of a bachelor. And by how much defense is better than no skill, by o much is a horn more precious than to want.

Enter Sir Oliver Martext.

Here comes Sir Oliver. Sir Oliver Martext, you are vell met. Will you dispatch us here under this tree, r shall we go with you to your chapel?

Sir Oliver. Is there none here to give the woman?

Touchstone. I will not take her on gift of any man.

Sir Oliver. Truly, she must be given or the marriage s not lawful.

Jaques. Proceed, proceed. I'll give her.

Touchstone. Good even, good Master What-ye-all't. How do you, sir? You are very well met. God-ild you for your last company. I am very glad to ee you. Even a toy in hand here, sir. Nay, pray be over'd.

Jaques. Will you be married, motley?

Touchstone. As the ox hath his bow, sir, the horse is curb, and the falcon her bells, so man hath his esires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be ibbling.

Jaques. And will you, being a man of your breeding, e married under a bush like a beggar? Get you to hurch and have a good priest that can tell you hat marriage is. This fellow will but join you to-ether as they join wainscote; then one of you will rove a shrunk panel and, like green timber, warp, arp.

Touchstone. I am not in the mind but I were better

want lack. 63 dispatch i.e. marry. 70 Master What-ye-call't N. . Goddild God reward you. 73 toy trifling matter. be cover'd ut on your hat. 75 motley fool. 76 bow yoke.

to be married of him than of another, for he is not like to marry me well. And not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.

Jaques. Go thou with me and let me counsel thee.

Touchstone. Come, sweet Audrey.
We must be married, or we must live in bawdry.
Farewell, good Master Oliver: not

O sweet Oliver,
O brave Oliver,
Leave me not behind thee.

but

Wind away,
Be gone, I say!
I will not to wedding with thee.

Sir Oliver. 'Tis no matter. Ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling.

Exeunt.

SCENE 4

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Rosalind. Never talk to me; I will weep.

Celia. Do, I prithee. But yet have the grace to consider that tears do not become a man.

Rosalind. But have I not cause to weep?

Celia. As good cause as one would desire. Therefore weep.

Rosalind. His very hair is of the dissembling color.

Celia. Something browner than Judas'. Marry, his kisses are Judas' own children.

94 **bawdry** sin. 96 **O sweet Oliver** N. 100 **Wind away** go away. 104 **flout** jeer. 7 **dissembling color** N.

Rosalind. I' faith, his hair is of a good color.

Celia. An excellent color. Your chestnut was ever the only color.

Rosalind. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.

Celia. He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana. A nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them.

Rosalind. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

Celia. Nay, certainly there is no truth in him.

Rosalind. Do you think so?

Celia. Yes. I think he is not a pickpurse nor a horse-stealer, but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a covered goblet or a worm-eaten nut.

Rosalind. Not true in love?

Celia. Yes, when he is in. But I think he is not in.

Rosalind. You have heard him swear downright he was.

Celia. 'Was' is not 'is.' Besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmer of false reckonings. He attends here in the forest on the Duke your father.

Rosalind. I met the Duke yesterday and had much question with him. He ask'd me of what parentage I was; I told him of as good as he. So he laugh'd and let me go. But what talk we of fathers when there is such a man as Orlando?

5 **cast** cast off. **lips of Diana** Diana was the goddess of chastity. 6 **winter's sisterhood** i.e. the bond of chastity. 23 **verity** truth. 24 **concave** hollow, insincere. 30 **a** F omits. 31 **tapster** tavern waiter. 32 **reckonings** accounts, charges. 35 **question** conversation.

Celia. O, that's a brave man! He writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely—quite traverse athwart the heart of his lover, as a puisny tilter that spurs his horse but on one side breaks his staff like a noble goose. But all's brave that youth mounts and folly guides. Who comes here?

Enter Corin.

Corin. Mistress and master, you have oft inquired
After the shepherd that complain'd of love,
Who you saw sitting by me on the turf
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess
That was his mistress.
Celia. Well, and what of him?
Corin. If you will see a pageant truly play'd
Between the pale complexion of true love
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,
Go hence a little and I shall conduct you,
If you will mark it.
Rosalind. O, come, let us remove.
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love.
Bring us to this sight, and you shall say
I'll prove a busy actor in their play. *Exeunt.*

SCENE 5

Enter Silvius and Phebe.

Silvius. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me. Do not, Phebe.

39 **brave** fine. 41 **traverse athwart** N. 42 **puisny** insignificant, incompetent (pronounced 'puny'). 52 **pale complexion** N. 55 **mark** observe. **remove** depart.

Say that you love me not, but say not so
In bitterness. The common executioner,
Whose heart th' accustom'd sight of death makes hard,
Falls not the ax upon the humbled neck
But first begs pardon. Will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

Enter Rosalind, Celia, and Corin.

Phebe. I would not be thy executioner.
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye.
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable
That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomies,
Should be called tyrants, butchers, murtherers.
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart,
And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee.
Now counterfeit to swound. Why, now fall down!
Or if thou canst not, O for shame, for shame.
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murtherers.
Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee.
Scratch thee but with a pin and there remains
Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush,
The cicatrice and capable impressure
Thy palm some moment keeps. But now mine eyes,
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not;
Nor I am sure there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.

Silvius. O dear Phebe,
If ever, as that ever may be near,

3 Falls lets fall. 7 dies and lives makes his living. 14 murtherers murderers. 17 counterfeit pretend. swound swoon. 22 but F omits. 23 cicatrice impression. capable impressure firm imprint.

You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,
Then shall you know the wounds invisible
That Love's keen arrows make.
Phebe. But till that time
Come not thou near me. And when that time comes,
Afflict me with thy mocks; pity me not,
As till that time I shall not pity thee.
Rosalind. And why, I pray you? Who might be your mother
That you insult, exult, and all at once,
Over the wretched? What, though you have no beauty—
As, by my faith, I see no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed—
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?
Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?
I see no more in you than in the ordinary
Of Nature's sale-work. 'Od's my little life,
I think she means to tangle my eyes too.
No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it;
'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,
Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream
That can entame my spirits to your worship.
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her
Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain?
You are a thousand times a properer man
Than she a woman. 'Tis such fools as you
That makes the world full of ill-favor'd children.
'Tis not her glass but you that flatters her,
And out of you she sees herself more proper

29 **fancy** love. 39 **candle . . . bed** N. 43 **sale-work** product of poor quality. **'Od's** God save. 47 **bugle** a black glass bead, here meaning 'black.' 48 **entame** subdue. **to your worship** to worship you. 50 **south** south wind N. 51 **properer** handsomer. 54 **glass** mirror.

Than any of her lineaments can show her.
But, mistress, know yourself. Down on your knees
And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love.
For I must tell you friendly in your ear:
Sell when you can; you are not for all markets.
Cry the man mercy, love him, take his offer.
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.
So take her to thee, shepherd. Fare you well.

Phebe. Sweet youth, I pray you, chide a year together.
I had rather hear you chide than this man woo.

Rosalind. He's falne in love with your foulness, and she'll fall in love with my anger. If it be so, as fast as she answers thee with frowning looks, I'll sauce her with bitter words. Why look you so upon me?

Phebe. For no ill will I bear you.

Rosalind. I pray you, do not fall in love with me,
For I am falser than vows made in wine.
Besides, I like you not. If you will know my house,
'Tis at the tuft of olives here hard by.
Will you go, sister? Shepherd, ply her hard.
Come, sister. Shepherdess, look on him better
And be not proud, though all the world could see
None could be so abus'd in sight as he.
Come, to our flock.

Exeunt [*Rosalind, Celia, Corin*].

Phebe. Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might:
'Whoever lov'd that lov'd not at first sight?'

Silvius. Sweet Phebe.

Phebe. Hah! What say'st thou, Silvius?

Silvius. Sweet Phebe, pity me.

61 Cry . . . mercy beg for mercy. 62 Foul . . . scoffer N. 64 ogether on end. 65 I had to be read 'I'd.' 66 falne fall'n. 68 sauce rebuke. 76 better more kindly. 78 abus'd in sight leceived by eyesight. 80 Dead shepherd N.

Phebe. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.
Silvius. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be.
If you do sorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love your sorrow and my grief
Were both extermin'd.
Phebe. Thou hast my love. Is not that neighborly?
Silvius. I would have you.
Phebe. Why, that were covetousness.
Silvius, the time was that I hated thee,
And yet it is not that I bear thee love.
But since that thou canst talk of love so well,
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,
I will endure; and I'll employ thee too.
But do not look for further recompense
Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.
Silvius. So holy and so perfect is my love,
And I in such a poverty of grace,
That I shall think it a most plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest reaps. Loose now and then
A scatt'red smile, and that I'll live upon.
Phebe. Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me erewhile?
Silvius. Not very well. But I have met him oft,
And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds
That the old Carlot once was master of.
Phebe. Think not I love him, though I ask for him.
'Tis but a peevish boy, yet he talks well.
But what care I for words? Yet words do well
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.

89 **extermin'd** banished. 90 **neighborly** N. 95 **erst** at first. 100 **poverty of grace** lack of favor. 104 **scatt'red** stray. 105 **erewhile** a little while ago; F *yerewhile*. 107 **bounds** acreage. 108 **Carlot** N.

It is a pretty youth—not very pretty.
But sure he's proud, and yet his pride becomes him.
He'll make a proper man: the best thing in him
Is his complexion. And faster than his tongue
Did make offense his eyes did heal it up.
He is not very tall, yet for his years he's tall.
His leg is but so-so, and yet 'tis well.
There was a pretty redness in his lip,
A little riper and more lusty red
Than that mix'd in his cheek. 'Twas just the difference
Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.
There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him
In parcels as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him. But for my part,
I love him not nor hate him not; and yet
I have more cause to hate him than to love him,
For what had he to do to chide at me?
He said mine eyes were black and my hair black,
And, now I am rememb'red, scorn'd at me.
I marvel why I answer'd not again.
But that's all one: omittance is no quittance.
I'll write to him a very tanting letter,
And thou shalt bear it. Wilt thou, Silvius?

Silvius. Phebe, with all my heart.

Phebe. I'll write it straight.
The matter's in my head and in my heart:
I will be bitter with him and passing short.
Go with me, Silvius. *Exeunt.*

123 constant uniform. mingled damask a mixture of red and white, like the damask rose. 124 be are. 125 In parcels bit by bit. 128 I F omits. 131 I am rememb'red I recall. 133 omittance . . . quittance N. 134 tanting taunting. 138 passing short exceedingly curt.

Act IV

SCENE 1

Enter Rosalind, and Celia, and Jaques.

Jaques. I prithee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

Rosalind. They say you are a melancholy fellow.

Jaques. I am so. I do love it better than laughing.

Rosalind. Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows, and betray themselves to every modern censure worse than drunkards.

Jaques. Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

Rosalind. Why, then 'tis good to be a post. 9

Jaques. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these. But it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and indeed the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness. 19

Rosalind. A traveler! By my faith, you have great

1 **be** F omits. 8 **sad** here with two meanings: 'melancholy' and 'heavy.' 11 **emulation** envy. 14 **politic** crafty. **nice** delicate. 16 **simples** herbs, ingredients.

reason to be sad. I fear you have sold your own lands to see other men's. Then to have seen much and to have nothing is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

Jaques. Yes, I have gain'd my experience.

Enter Orlando.

Rosalind. And your experience makes you sad. I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad, and to travel for it too.

Orlando. Good day and happiness, dear Rosalind.

Jaques. Nay, then, God buy you, and you talk in blank verse.

Rosalind. Farewell, Monsieur Traveler. Look you lisp and wear strange suits, disable all the benefits of your own country, be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will scarce think you have swam in a gundello. [*Exit Jaques.*] Why, how now, Orlando? Where have you been all this while? You a lover? And you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

Orlando. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

Rosalind. Break an hour's promise in love? He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts and break but a part of the thousand part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him that Cupid hath clapp'd him o' th' shoulder. But I'll warrant him heart-whole.

30 **buy** be with. **and** an (if). 33 **lisp** talk in an affected manner. **disable** disparage. 34 **nativity** birthplace. 36 **swam . . . gundello** ridden in a gondola, i.e. been to Venice. 39 **And** an (if). 47 **clapp'd** seized on the shoulder as if to arrest.

Orlando. Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

Rosalind. Nay. And you be so tardy, come no more in my sight; I had as lief be woo'd of a snail.

Orlando. Of a snail?

Rosalind. Ay, of a snail. For though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head—a better jointure, I think, than you make a woman. Besides, he brings his destiny with him.

Orlando. What's that?

Rosalind. Why, horns; which such as you are fain to be beholding to your wives for. But he comes armed in his fortune, and prevents the slander of his wife.

Orlando. Virtue is no horn-maker, and my Rosalind is virtuous.

Rosalind. And I am your Rosalind.

Celia. It pleases him to call you so. But he hath a Rosalind of a better leer than you.

Rosalind. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holiday humor and like enough to consent. What would you say to me now, and I were your very very Rosalind?

Orlando. I would kiss before I spoke.

Rosalind. Nay, you were better speak first; and when you were gravel'd for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers lacking—God warn us—matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

Orlando. How if the kiss be denied?

50 **And** an (if). 51 **of** by. 55 **jointure** marriage portion. 58 **horns** N. 59 **beholding** beholden. 60 **armed** i.e. with horns. 62 **horn-maker** cuckold-maker. 66 **leer** appearance. 69 **and** an (if). 73 **gravel'd** nonplussed. 75 **out** out of material. 76 **God warn us** God warrant (protect) us. **cleanliest shift** cleverest device.

Rosalind. Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

Orlando. Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

Rosalind. Marry, that should you if I were your mistress, or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.

Orlando. What of my suit?

Rosalind. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am I not your Rosalind?

Orlando. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

Rosalind. Well, in her person, I say I will not have you.

Orlando. Then, in mine own person, I die.

Rosalind. No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, *videlicet*, in a love cause. Troilus had his brains dash'd out with a Grecian club, yet he did what he could to die before; and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have liv'd many a fair year though Hero had turn'd nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night; for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and being taken with the cramp, was drown'd; and the foolish chroniclers of that age found it was 'Hero of Cestos.' But these are all lies. Men have died from time to time and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Orlando. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind, for I protest her frown might kill me.

83 **ranker** more flourishing. 85 **suit** N. 93 **by attorney** by proxy. 95 **videlicet** namely. 96 **Troilus** N. 98 **patterns** models. 99 **Leander** N. 104 **found** gave the verdict (in a legal sense). 107 **right** true.

Rosalind. By this hand, it will not kill a fly. But come. Now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition; and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

Orlando. Then love me, Rosalind.

Rosalind. Yes, faith, will I—Fridays and Saturdays and all.

Orlando. And wilt thou have me?

Rosalind. Ay, and twenty such.

Orlando. What sayest thou?

Rosalind. Are you not good?

Orlando. I hope so.

Rosalind. Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing? Come, sister, you shall be the priest and marry us. Give me your hand, Orlando. What do you say, sister?

Orlando. Pray thee, marry us.

Celia. I cannot say the words.

Rosalind. You must begin, 'Will you, Orlando . . .'

Celia. Go to. Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?

Orlando. I will.

Rosalind. Ay, but when?

Orlando. Why, now. As fast as she can marry us.

Rosalind. Then you must say, 'I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.'

Orlando. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

Rosalind. I might ask you for your commission, but I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband. There's a girl goes before the priest, and certainly a woman's thought runs before her actions.

Orlando. So do all thoughts; they are wing'd.

136 commission authority. 138 goes before anticipates.

Rosalind. Now tell me how long you would have her after you have possess'd her?

Orlando. For ever and a day.

Rosalind. Say 'a day' without the 'ever.' No, no, Orlando. Men are April when they woo, December when they wed; maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen, more clamorous than a parrot against rain, more new-fangled than an ape, more giddy in my desires than a monkey. I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are dispos'd to be merry. I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclin'd to sleep.

Orlando. But will my Rosalind do so? 155

Rosalind. By my life, she will do as I do.

Orlando. O, but she is wise.

Rosalind. Or else she could not have the wit to do this. The wiser, the waywarder. Make the doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and 'twill out at the keyhole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

Orlando. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say, 'Wit, whether wilt?' 164

Rosalind. Nay, you might keep that check for it till you met your wive's wit going to your neighbor's bed.

Orlando. And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

Rosalind. Marry, to say she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her answer unless you take her without her tongue. O, that woman that

148 **Barbary** Oriental. 149 **against** in expectation of. 150 **new-fangled** fond of novelty. **giddy** capricious. 152 **Diana** N. 153 **hyen** hyena. 159 **Make** shut. 164 **'Wit . . . wilt?'** N. 165 **check** rebuke. 166 **wive's** wife's, an old genitive.

cannot make her fault her husband's occasion, let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool.

Orlando. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

Rosalind. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

Orlando. I must attend the Duke at dinner. By two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Rosalind. Ay, go your ways, go your ways. I knew what you would prove; my friends told me as much, and I thought no less. That flattering tongue of yours won me. 'Tis but one cast away, and so come death. Two o'clock is your hour.

Orlando. Ay, sweet Rosalind.

Rosalind. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathetical break-promise and the most hollow lover and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful. Therefore beware my censure and keep your promise.

Orlando. With no less religion than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind. So adieu.

Rosalind. Well, Time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let Time try. Adieu.

Exit [*Orlando*].

Celia. You have simply misus'd our sex in your love

172 **occasion** N. 177 **lack** do without. 188 **mend me** change my fortune. 191 **pathetical** pitiable. 193 **gross** whole. 194 **censure** condemnation. 196 **religion** fidelity. 200 **simply** completely. **misus'd** abused.

rate. We must have your doublet and hose pluck'd ver your head and show the world what the bird ath done to her own nest.

Rosalind. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that hou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded; my affection hath an unnown bottom, like the Bay of Portugal.

Celia. Or rather bottomless—that as fast as you our affection in, it runs out.

Rosalind. No; that same wicked bastard of Venus hat was begot of thought, conceiv'd of spleen, and orn of madness, that blind rascally boy that abuses veryone's eyes because his own are out—let him be udge how deep I am in love. I'll tell thee, Aliena, I annot be out of sight of Orlando. I'll go find a hadow and sigh till he come.

Celia. And I'll sleep. *Exeunt.*

SCENE 2

Enter Jaques and Lords, Foresters.

Jaques. Which is he that killed the deer?

Lord. Sir, it was I.

Jaques. Let's present him to the Duke like a Roman onqueror, and it would do well to set the deer's horns pon his head for a branch of victory. Have you no ong, forester, for this purpose?

Lord. Yes, sir.

Jaques. Sing it. 'Tis no matter how it be in tune, so make noise enough. *Music.*

02 bird . . . nest N. 210 bastard of Venus N. 211 thought elancholy. spleen impulse.

Song

What shall he have that kill'd the deer?
His leathern skin and horns to wear.
Then sing him home. The rest shall bear
This burthen:

Take thou no scorn to wear the horn.
It was a crest ere thou wast born.
Thy father's father wore it,
And thy father bore it.
The horn, the horn, the lusty horn
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

Exeunt.

SCENE 3

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Rosalind. How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock? And here much Orlando.

Celia. I warrant you, with pure love and troubled brain

Enter Silvius.

he hath tane his bow and arrows and is gone forth to sleep. Look who comes here.

Silvius. My errand is to you, fair youth.
My gentle Phebe did bid me give you this.
[*Presenting a letter.*]
I know not the contents but, as I guess
By the stern brow and waspish action
Which she did use as she was writing of it,
It bears an angry tenure. Pardon me,

12 **The rest . . . burthen** N. 19 **laugh to scorn** ridicule. 2 **here much Orlando** i.e. spoken with irony. 12 **tenure** tenor, purport (to be read 'tenor').

am but as a guiltless messenger.
Rosalind. Patience herself would startle at this letter
nd play the swaggerer. Bear this, bear all.
he says I am not fair, that I lack manners;
he calls me proud, and that she could not love me
Were man as rare as Phoenix. 'Od's my will,
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt.
Why writes she so to me? Well, shepherd, well?
his is a letter of your own device.
Silvius. No, I protest. I know not the contents;
hebe did write it.
Rosalind. Come, come, you are a fool,
nd turn'd into the extremity of love.
saw her hand: she has a leathern hand,
freestone colored hand. I verily did think
hat her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands.
he has a housewive's hand; but that's no matter.
say she never did invent this letter.
his is a man's invention and his hand.
Silvius. Sure it is hers.
Rosalind. Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style,
style for challengers. Why, she defies me,
ike Turk to Christian. Women's gentle brain
ould not drop forth such giant rude invention,
uch Ethiop words, blacker in their effect
han in their countenance. Will you hear the letter?
Silvius. So please you, for I never heard it yet;
et heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

8 **Phoenix** N. 24 **turn'd** brought. **the extremity** to be read 'th' extremity.' 26 **freestone colored** the color of brown stone 2 **boisterous** to be read 'boist'rous.' 34 **Turk** N. 35 **giant rude** extremely rude. 36 **Ethiop** black. 37 **countenance** to be read 'ount'nance.'

Rosalind. She Phebes me! Mark how the tyrant writes. *Read.*

Art thou God to shepherd turn'd
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?

Can a woman rail thus?

Silvius. Call you this railing?

Read.

Rosalind. *Why, thy Godhead laid apart,*
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?

Did you ever hear such railing?

Whiles the eyes of man did woo me
That could do no vengeance to me.

Meaning me a beast.

If the scorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack, in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect?
Whiles you chid me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move!
He that brings this love to thee
Little knows this love in me.
And by him seal up thy mind
Whether that thy youth and kind
Will the faithful offer take
Of me and all that I can make;
Or else by him my love deny,
And then I'll study how to die.

Silvius. Call you this chiding?

Celia. Alas, poor shepherd.

Rosalind. Do you pity him? No, he deserves no

40 Phebes treats cruelly, acts like Phebe. 45 **Godhead** divinity. **laid apart** put aside. 51 **eyne** archaic plural of 'eye.' 54 **aspect** stressed — –. 59 **seal up thy mind** send under seal. 60 **youth and kind** youthful nature.

lity. Wilt thou love such a woman? What, to make
nee an instrument and play false strains upon thee?
ot to be endur'd. Well, go your way to her—for I
e love hath made thee a tame snake—and say this
o her: that if she loves me, I charge her to love thee;
she will not, I will never have her unless thou en-
eat for her. If you be a true lover, hence, and not
word. For here comes more company.

Exit Silvius.

Enter Oliver.

Oliver. Good morrow, fair ones. Pray you, if you
know,
Where in the purlieus of this forest stands
sheepcote fenc'd about with olive trees?
Celia. West of this place, down in the neighbor
bottom.
The rank of osiers by the murmuring stream,
Left on your right hand, brings you to the place.
But at this hour the house doth keep itself;
There's none within.
Oliver. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then should I know you by description:
Such garments and such years. 'The boy is fair,
Of female favor, and bestows himself
Like a ripe sister; the woman low
And browner than her brother.' Are not you
The owner of the house I did inquire for?
Celia. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say we are.
Oliver. Orlando doth commend him to you both,
And to that youth he calls his Rosalind

purlieus borders of a forest. 79 **bottom** valley. 80 **osiers** willows. 82 **keep itself** take care of itself (i.e. is empty). 87 **favor** feature. 88 **bestows** carries. 88 **ripe** grown up. **low** short.

He sends this bloody napkin. Are you he?
Rosalind. I am. What must we understand by this?
Oliver. Some of my shame, if you will know of me
What man I am, and how and why and where
This handkercher was stain'd.
Celia. I pray you tell it.
Oliver. When last the young Orlando parted from you,
He left a promise to return again
Within an hour; and pacing through the forest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befell! He threw his eye aside,
And mark what object did present itself
Under an old oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age
And high top bald with dry antiquity:
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back. About his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself,
Who with her head nimble in threats approach'd
The opening of his mouth. But suddenly,
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself
And with indented glides did slip away
Into a bush. Under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching head on ground, with catlike watch
When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis
The royal disposition of that beast
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead.
This seen, Orlando did approach the man
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

94 **napkin** handkerchief. 98 **handkercher** handkerchief. 103 **threw . . . aside** looked to one side. 105 **old** this word causes an irregular line but it appears in all folios. 112 **unlink'd** uncoiled. 113 **indented** winding.

Celia. O, I have heard him speak of that same brother,
And he did render him the most unnatural
That liv'd amongst men.
Oliver. And well he might so do,
For well I know he was unnatural.
Rosalind. But to Orlando: did he leave him there,
Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?
Oliver. Twice did he turn his back and purpos'd so.
But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature stronger than his just occasion
Made him give battle to the lioness,
Who quickly fell before him. In which hurtling
From miserable slumber I awaked.
Celia. Are you his brother?
Rosalind. Was't you he rescu'd?
Celia. Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?
Oliver. 'Twas I, but 'tis not I. I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.
Rosalind. But for the bloody napkin?
Oliver. By and by.
When from the first to last, betwixt us two
Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd,
As how I came into that desert place—
In brief, he led me to the gentle Duke,
Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love;
Who led me instantly unto his cave,
There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm
The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled. And now he fainted

123 **render** describe. 130 **occasion** opportunity. 132 **hurtling** tumult. 135 **contrive** plot. 141 **recountments** stories.

And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind.
Brief, I recover'd him, bound up his wound,
And after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story that you might excuse
His broken promise; and to give this napkin,
Dy'd in his blood, unto the shepherd youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

[*Rosalind faints.*]

Celia. Why, how now, Ganymede, sweet Ganymede!

Oliver. Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

Celia. There is more in it. Cousin Ganymede!

Oliver. Look, he recovers.

Rosalind. I would I were at home.

Celia. We'll lead you thither.
I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

Oliver. Be of good cheer, youth. You a man? You lack a man's heart.

Rosalind. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sirrah, a body would think this was well counterfeited. I pray you tell your brother how well I counterfeited. Heigh-ho!

Oliver. This was not counterfeit; there is too great testimony in your complexion that it was a passion of earnest.

Rosalind. Counterfeit, I assure you.

Oliver. Well then, take a good heart and counterfeit to be a man.

Rosalind. So I do. But, i' faith, I should have been a woman by right.

Celia. Come, you look paler and paler. Pray you, draw homewards. Good sir, go with us.

151 Brief briefly. recover'd revived. 170 passion of earnest a genuine swoon.

Oliver. That will I, for we must bear answer back
ow you excuse my brother, Rosalind.
Rosalind. I shall devise something, but I pray you
ommend my counterfeiting to him. Will you go?
Exeunt.

Act V

SCENE 1

Enter Clown [*Touchstone*] *and Audrey.*

Touchstone. We shall find a time, Audrey. Patience,
ntle Audrey.
Audrey. Faith, the priest was good enough, for all
e old gentleman's saying.
Touchstone. A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey, a
ost vile Martext. But, Audrey, there is a youth here
the forest lays claim to you.
Audrey. Ay, I know who 'tis. He hath no interest in
e in the world. Here comes the man you mean.

Enter William.

Touchstone. It is meat and drink to me to see a
own. By my troth, we that have good wits have
uch to answer for. We shall be flouting; we cannot
old.
William. Good ev'n, Audrey.
Audrey. God ye good ev'n, William.

clown rustic. 12 flouting mocking. 13 hold refrain. 15 God ye
od give you.

William. And good ev'n to you, sir.

Touchstone. Good ev'n, gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head. Nay, prithee be cover'd. How old are you, friend?

William. Five and twenty, sir.

Touchstone. A ripe age. Is thy name William?

William. William, sir.

Touchstone. A fair name. Wast born i' th' forest here?

William. Ay, sir, I thank God.

Touchstone. 'Thank God': a good answer. Art rich?

William. Faith, sir, so-so.

Touchstone. 'So-so' is good, very good, very excellent good. And yet it is not; it is but so-so. Art thou wise?

William. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

Touchstone. Why, thou say'st well. I do now remember a saying: 'The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool.' The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth, meaning thereby that grapes were made to eat and lips to open. You do love this maid?

William. I do, sir.

Touchstone. Give me your hand. Art thou learned?

William. No, sir.

Touchstone. Then learn this of me: to have is to have. For it is a figure in rhetoric that drink, being pour'd out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other. For all your writers do consent that *ipse* is he; now you are not *ipse*, for I am he.

31 wit intelligence. 46 ipse he himself (Latin).

Villiam. Which he, sir?

'ouchstone. He, sir, that must marry this woman. herefore, you clown, abandon (which is in the vul- r 'leave') the society (which in the boorish is ompany') of this female (which in the common is oman') ; which together is, abandon the society of is female. Or, clown, thou perishest; or, to thy tter understanding, diest; or, to wit, I kill thee, ake thee away, translate thy life into death, thy erty into bondage. I will deal in poison with thee, in bastinado, or in steel; I will bandy with thee faction; I will o'errun thee with policy; I will kill ee a hundred and fifty ways. Therefore tremble d depart. 61

udrey. Do, good William.

Villiam. God rest you merry, sir. *Exit.*

Enter Corin.

Corin. Our master and mistress seeks you. Come way, away. 65

Touchstone. Trip, Audrey, trip, Audrey. I attend, attend. *Exeunt.*

SCENE 2

Enter Orlando and Oliver.

Orlando. Is't possible that on so little acquaintance ou should like her? That, but seeing, you should ve her? And loving, woo? And wooing, she should ant? And will you persever to enjoy her? 4

bastinado cudgel. bandy contend. 59 faction dissension. o'errun erwhelm. policy craft. 63 God . . . merry God keep you in od spirits. 4 persever persevere (stressed — ⏑ —).

Oliver. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor sudden consenting. But say with me, 'I love Aliena'; say with her, that she loves me; consent with both, that we may enjoy each other. It shall be to your good: for my father's house and all the revenue that was old Sir Rowland's will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

Enter Rosalind.

Orlando. You have my consent. Let your wedding be tomorrow; thither will I invite the Duke and all's contented followers. Go you and prepare Aliena for, look you, here comes my Rosalind.

Rosalind. God save you, brother.

Oliver. And you, fair sister. [*Exit.*]

Rosalind. O my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf.

Orlando. It is my arm.

Rosalind. I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Orlando. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Rosalind. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to sound when he show'd me your handkercher?

Orlando. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Rosalind. O, I know where you are. Nay, 'tis true. There was never anything so sudden but the fight of two rams and Caesar's thrasonical brag of 'I came, saw, and overcame.' For your brother and my sister no sooner met, but they look'd; no sooner look'd, but they lov'd; no sooner lov'd, but they sigh'd; no

5 giddiness irresponsibility. 11 estate bestow. 14 all's all his. 20 scarf sling. 26 sound swoon. 28 where you are what you're getting at. 30 thrasonical boastful N.

ooner sigh'd, but they ask'd one another the reason;
sooner knew the reason, but they sought the rem-
y. And in these degrees have they made a pair of
airs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent,
else be incontinent before marriage. They are in
e very wrath of love, and they will together. Clubs
nnot part them.

Orlando. They shall be married tomorrow, and I
ll bid the Duke to the nuptial. But O, how bitter
thing it is to look into happiness through another
an's eyes. By so much the more shall I tomorrow
at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I
all think my brother happy in having what he
shes for.

Rosalind. Why then, tomorrow I cannot serve your
rn for Rosalind?

Orlando. I can live no longer by thinking.

Rosalind. I will weary you then no longer with idle
lking. Know of me then—for now I speak to some
rpose—that I know you are a gentleman of good
nceit. I speak not this that you should bear a good
inion of my knowledge, insomuch I say I know you
e. Neither do I labor for a greater esteem than
ay in some little measure draw a belief from you,
do yourself good and not to grace me. Believe
en, if you please, that I can do strange things. I
ve, since I was three year old, convers'd with a
agician most profound in his art, and yet not dam-
ble. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as
ur gesture cries it out, when your brother marries

degrees i.e. with a pun on *stairs*. 37 **incontinent** immediately. incontinent unchaste. 54 **conceit** understanding. 58 **grace me** me honor. 60 **convers'd** associated. 61 **damnable** liable to nnation because of magic practices. 63 **gesture** attitude.

Aliena shall you marry her. I know into what straits of fortune she is driven, and it is not impossible to me—if it appear not inconvenient to you—to set her before your eyes tomorrow human as she is, and without any danger.

Orlando. Speak'st thou in sober meanings?

Rosalind. By my life, I do—which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician. Therefore put you in your best array, bid your friends; for if you will be married tomorrow, you shall, and to Rosalind, if you will.

Enter Silvius and Phebe.

Look, here comes a lover of mine and a lover of hers.

Phebe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness
To show the letter that I writ to you.

Rosalind. I care not if I have. It is my study
To seem despiteful and ungentle to you.
You are there followed by a faithful shepherd.
Look upon him, love him. He worships you.

Phebe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

Silvius. It is to be all made of sighs and tears;
And so am I for Phebe.

Phebe. And I for Ganymede.

Orlando. And I for Rosalind.

Rosalind. And I for no woman.

Silvius. It is to be made of faith and service;
And so am I for Phebe.

Phebe. And I for Ganymede.

Orlando. And I for Rosalind.

Rosalind. And I for no woman.

67 human N. 70 tender value. 76 ungentleness discourtesy. 78 study endeavor. 79 despiteful mean.

ilvius. It is to be all made of fantasy,
l made of passion, and all made of wishes;
l adoration, duty, and observance;
l humbleness, all patience, and impatience;
l purity, all trial, all obedience;
nd so am I for Phebe.
Phebe. And so am I for Ganymede.
Orlando. And so am I for Rosalind.
Rosalind. And so am I for no woman.
Phebe. [*To Rosalind.*] If this be so, why blame you
e to love you?
Silvius. [*To Phebe.*] If this be so, why blame you
e to love you?
Orlando. If this be so, why blame you me to love
ou?
Rosalind. Who do you speak to? 'Why blame you
e to love you?'
Orlando. To her that is not here, nor doth not hear.
Rosalind. Pray you, no more of this. 'Tis like the
owling of Irish wolves against the moon. [*To Sil-
vius.*] I will help you if I can. [*To Phebe.*] I would
ve you if I could. Tomorrow meet me all together.
To Phebe.] I will marry you if ever I marry woman,
nd I'll be married tomorrow. [*To Orlando.*] I will
tisfy you if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be
arried tomorrow. [*To Silvius.*] I will content you
what pleases you contents you, and you shall be
arried tomorrow. As you love Rosalind, meet. As
ou love Phebe, meet. And as I love no woman, I'll
eet. So fare you well. I have left you commands.
Silvius. I'll not fail, if I live.

observance devotion. 97 **obedience** N. 103 **to love you for** ving you. 108 **Who . . . you** N.

Phebe. Nor I.
Orlando. Nor I. *Exeunt.*

SCENE 3

Enter Clown [Touchstone] and Audrey.

Touchstone. Tomorrow is the joyful day, Audrey. Tomorrow will we be married.

Audrey. I do desire it with all my heart, and I hope it is no dishonest desire to desire to be a woman of the world. Here come two of the banish'd Duke's pages.

Enter two Pages.

1 Page. Well met, honest gentleman.

Touchstone. By my troth, well met. Come, sit, sit—and a song.

2 Page. We are for you. Sit i' th' middle.

1 Page. Shall we clap into 't roundly without hawking or spitting or saying we are hoarse, which are the only prologues to a bad voice?

2 Page. I'faith, i'faith. And both in a tune, like two gypsies on a horse.

Song

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green cornfield did pass
In the springtime, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding.
Sweet lovers love the spring.

4 dishonest immodest. **woman of the world** married woman. 10 We are for you we agree with you. 11 **clap into't roundly** start briskly. 14 **in a tune** in unison. 16 **Song** N. 19 **ring time** wedding time.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie
In springtime, etc.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that life was but a flower
In springtime, etc.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
For love is crowned with the prime
In springtime, etc.

Touchstone. Truly, young gentlemen, though there were no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untuneable.

1 Page. You are deceiv'd, sir. We kept time; we lost not our time.

Touchstone. By my troth, yes. I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God buy you, and God mend your voices. Come, Audrey. *Exeunt.*

SCENE 4

Enter Duke Senior, Amiens, Jaques, Orlando, Oliver, Celia.

Duke Senior. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy
Can do all this that he hath promised?

Orlando. I sometimes do believe and sometimes do not,
As those that fear they hope and know they fear.

22 **Between . . . acres** on the strips between acres. 26 **carol** N. 35 **note** tune. 36 **untuneable** discordant. 40 **buy** be with. 4 **As . . . fear** N.

Enter Rosalind, Silvius, and Phebe.

Rosalind. Patience once more whiles our compact is urg'd.
You say, if I bring in your Rosalind,
You will bestow her on Orlando here?
Duke Senior. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.
Rosalind. And you say that you will have her when I bring her?
Orlando. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.
Rosalind. You say you'll marry me, if I be willing?
Phebe. That will I, should I die the hour after.
Rosalind. But if you do refuse to marry me,
You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?
Phebe. So is the bargain.
Rosalind. You say that you'll have Phebe, if she will?
Silvius. Though to have her and death were both one thing.
Rosalind. I have promis'd to make all this matter even.
Keep you your word, O Duke, to give your daughter;
You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter;
Keep you your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me
Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd;
Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her
If she refuse me. And from hence I go
To make these doubts all even.

Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.

Duke Senior. I do remember in this shepherd boy

5 **whiles** while. **compact** agreement (stressed — –́–). **urg'd** pressed forward, expedited. 18 **I have** to be read 'I've.' 25 **doubts** impossibilities. **even** plain.

Some lively touches of my daughter's favor.
Orlando. My lord, the first time that I e'er saw him
Methought he was a brother to your daughter.
But, my good lord, this boy is forest born
And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies by his uncle,
Whom he reports to be a great magician

Enter Clown [*Touchstone*] *and Audrey.*

Obscured in the circle of this forest.
Jaques. There is sure another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark. Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are call'd fools.
Touchstone. Salutation and greeting to you all.
Jaques. Good my lord, bid him welcome. This is the motley-minded gentleman that I have so often met in the forest. He hath been a courtier, he swears.
Touchstone. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure; I have flatt'red a lady; I have been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.
Jaques. And how was that tane up?
Touchstone. Faith, we met and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.
Jaques. How 'seventh cause'? Good my lord, like this fellow.
Duke Senior. I like him very well.

7 **lively** lifelike. **touches** traces. **favor** appearance. 28 **e'er** F *ever.* 32 **desperate** dangerous because they deal with forbidden arts. 34 **Obscured** hidden. 35 **toward** about to occur. 44 **purgation** proof. **measure** a stately dance. 46 **three tailors** N. 47 **like . . . fought** came near fighting. 49 **tane up** made up.

Touchstone. God 'ild you, sir; I desire you of the like. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives to swear and to forswear, according as marriage binds and blood breaks. A poor virgin, sir, an ill-favor'd thing, sir, but mine own. A poor humor of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will. Rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house, as your pearl in your foul oyster.

Duke Senior. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

Touchstone. According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases.

Jaques. But for the seventh cause. How did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

Touchstone. Upon a lie seven times removed—bear your body more seeming, Audrey—as thus, sir: I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard. He sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was. This is call'd the Retort Courteous. If I sent him word again it was not well cut, he would send me word he cut it to please himself. This is call'd the Quip Modest. If again, it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment. This is called the Reply Churlish. If again, it was not well cut, he would answer I spake not true. This is call'd the Reproof Valiant. If again, it was not well cut, he would say I lie. This is call'd the Countercheck Quar-

55 **God'ild** God reward. 57 **copulatives** those about to be married. 58 **blood** passion. 60 **humor** whim. 61 **honesty** chastity. 63 **sententious** pithy. 65 **fool's bolt** N. 66 **dulcet diseases** N. 70 **seeming** becomingly. 71 **dislike** indicate disapproval of. 76 **Quip** retort. 77 **disabled** disparaged. 81 **Countercheck** rebuff (a term from chess).

relsome. And so to the Lie Circumstantial and the Lie Direct.

Jaques. And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut?

Touchstone. I durst go no further than the Lie Circumstantial, nor he durst not give me the Lie Direct. And so we measur'd swords and parted.

Jaques. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

Touchstone. O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book, as you have books for good manners. I will name you the degrees: the first, the Retort Courteous; the second, the Quip Modest; the third, the Reply Churlish; the fourth, the Reproof Valiant; the fift, the Countercheck Quarrelsome; the sixt, the Lie with Circumstance; the seventh, the Lie Direct. All these you may avoid but the Lie Direct, and you may avoid that too, with an If. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel, but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an If—as, 'If you said so, then I said so,' and they shook hands and swore brothers. Your If is the only peacemaker. Much virtue in If.

Jaques. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? He's as good at anything, and yet a fool.

Duke Senior. He uses his folly like a stalking horse, and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

82 **the** (before *Lie Circumstantial*) F omits. 88 **measur'd** i.e. before duelling. 89 **nominate** name. 91 **book** N. 95 **fift** fifth. 96 **sixt** sixth. 103 **swore brothers** made a blood pact. 107 **stalking horse** decoy N. 108 **presentation** semblance.

Enter Hymen, Rosalind, and Celia.

Still Music.

Hymen. *Then is there mirth in heaven*
When earthly things made even
Atone together.
Good Duke, receive thy daughter;
Hymen from heaven brought her,
Yea, brought her hether,
That thou mightst join her hand with his
Whose heart within his bosom is.

Rosalind. To you I give myself, for I am yours. [*To Duke.*]

To you I give myself, for I am yours. [*To Orlando.*]

Duke Senior. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

Orlando. If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.

Phebe. If sight and shape be true,
Why then, my love adieu.

Rosalind. I'll have no father, if you be not he.
I'll have no husband, if you be not he.
Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.

Hymen. Peace ho! I bar confusion.
'Tis I must make conclusion
Of these most strange events.
Here's eight that must take hands
To join in Hymen's bands,
If truth holds true contents.
You and you no cross shall part. [*To Orland and Rosalind.*]
You and you are heart in heart. [*To Oliver and Celia.*]

SD **Still Music** soft music. 109 **Hymen** the Greek and Roman god of marriage. 111 **Atone** unite. 131 **truth . . . contents** i.e. if the truth be the truth.

You to his love must accord,
Or have a woman to your lord. [*To Phebe.*]
You and you are sure together
As the winter to foul weather. [*To Touchstone and Audrey.*]
Whiles a wedlock hymn we sing,
Feed yourselves with questioning,
That reason wonder may diminish
How thus we met and these things finish.

Song

Wedding is great Juno's crown:
O blessed bond of board and bed!
'Tis Hymen peoples every town.
High wedlock then be honored:
Honor, high honor, and renown
To Hymen, God of every town.

Duke Senior. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me,
E'en daughter, welcome, in no less degree.
Phebe. I will not eat my word; now thou art mine.
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine. [*To Silvius.*]

Enter Second Brother [*Jaques de Boys*].

Second Brother. Let me have audience for a word or two.
I am the second son of old Sir Rowland
That brings these tidings to this fair assembly.
Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Address'd a mighty power which were on foot

136 **sure together** permanently bound together. 140 **reason** explanation. 142 **Juno's** N. 145 **High** solemn. 149 **E'en** F *Even.* 157 **Address'd** prepared. **power** force.

In his own conduct, purposely to take
His brother here and put him to the sword.
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came,
Where, meeting with an old religious man,
After some question with him was converted
Both from his enterprise and from the world,
His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother
And all their lands restor'd to them again
That were with him exil'd. This to be true
I do engage my life.
Duke Senior. Welcome, young man.
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding:
To one his lands witheld, and to the other
A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.
First, in this forest let us do those ends
That here were well begun and well begot.
And after, every of this happy number
That have endur'd shrewd days and nights with us
Shall share the good of our returned fortune,
According to the measure of their states.
Meantime forget this new-falne dignity
And fall into our rustic revelry.
Play, music, and you brides and bridegrooms all,
With measure heap'd in joy, to th' measures fall.
Jaques. Sir, by your patience. If I heard you rightly,
The Duke hath put on a religious life

158 **In his own conduct** under his leadership. 161 **religious man** hermit. 162 **question** conversation. 166 **exil'd** stressed — —. 167 **engage** pledge. 168 **offer'st fairly** give most generously. 170 **potent** powerful. 171 **do those ends** complete those purposes. 173 **every** every one. 174 **shrewd** severe, difficult. 177 **new-falne** recently acquired. 180 **measure** due proportion. **measures** dances. 181 **by your patience** by your leave.

And thrown into neglect the pompous court.
Second Brother. He hath.
Jaques. To him will I. Out of these convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.
You to your former honor I bequeath; [*To Duke.*]
Your patience and your virtue well deserves it.
You to a love that your true faith doth merit. [*To Orlando.*]
You to your land and love and great allies. [*To Oliver.*]
You to a long and well-deserved bed. [*To Silvius.*]
And you to wrangling, for thy loving voyage [*To Touchstone.*]
Is but for two months victuall'd. So to your pleasures.
I am for other than for dancing measures.
Duke Senior. Stay, Jaques, stay.
Jaques. To see no pastime I. What you would have
I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave. *Exit.*
Duke Senior. Proceed, proceed. We will begin these rites,
As we do trust they'll end, in true delights. *Exit.*

[*Epilogue*]

Rosalind. It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue, but it is no more unhandsome than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true that good wine needs no bush, 'tis true that a good play needs no epilogue. Yet to good wine they do use good bushes,

183 **pompous** ceremonious. 185 **convertites** converts. 2 **unhandsome** improper. 3 **wine . . . bush** N.

and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in then, that am neither a good epilogue nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play. I am not furnish'd like a beggar; therefore to beg will not become me. My way is to conjure you, and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please you. And I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women —as I perceive by your simp'ring none of you hates them—that between you and the women the play may please. If I were a woman, I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleas'd me, complexions that lik'd me, and breaths that I defied not. And I am sure as many as have good beards or good faces or sweet breaths will for my kind offer, when I make curtsy, bid me farewell. *Exit.*

Finis

8 **insinuate** ingratiate myself. 17 **woman** N. 19 **defied** disliked. 22 **bid me farewell** i.e. a plea for applause.

NOTES

Act I, Scene 1

2 **he** This word is omitted in the Folio. Though this sentence may be understood without the addition of *he*, the sense is clarified with its inclusion. Folio omissions of this sort will be noted hereafter at the foot of the page. Square brackets around stage directions indicate material not found in the Folio but necessary to explain the action.

32 **mar** The bantering conjunction of *make* and *mar* is common. For example, see *Love's Labour's Lost*, IV.3.190–2.

39 **prodigal portion** A reference to the biblical story of the prodigal son (Luke 15).

52 **reverence** That is, 'The fact that you are older puts you closer to that reverence associated with the head of the family.' Oliver bridles at Orlando's ironic compliment, as his next words indicate.

56 **villain** Oliver uses this word in the modern sense of 'an evil person,' while Orlando's interpretation of the word conforms to its original meaning: 'a person of low birth, a servant.' At this stage in the action Orlando has seized his brother.

90 **wrastler** This Folio spelling indicates a common Elizabethan pronunciation. Hereafter words of this kind will appear at the foot of the page: **wrastler** wrestler.

97 **Monsieur** Spelled *Mounsieur* in the Folio at this point, but elsewhere regularly *Monsieur*.

114 **Forest of Arden** Certainly Shakespeare derived this name from Lodge's novel, *Rosalynde* (see Appendix B), but in addition to the Forest of the Ardennes in France there is a Forest of Arden in Warwickshire. The appearance of palm trees and lions, incongruous in either locale, is explained once we see Shakespeare's forest as an imaginary Arcadia. Arden was also his mother's maiden name.

118 **golden world** The Golden Age of classical mythology, like the Garden of Eden, was characterized by happiness and innocence.

Act I, Scene 2

32 **housewife Fortune** The standard symbol of Fortune is, of course, the wheel—an image characteristic of the medieval and Elizabethan world. For example, Fluellen speaks of Fortune being 'painted also with a wheel, to signify to you, which is the moral of it, that she is turning, and inconstant, and mutability, and variation' (*Henry V*, III.6.33). In the present passage Celia is reducing Fortune to the status of a housewife with her spinning wheel.

43 **Nature** The antithesis between Nature and Fortune in this and the following lines is a characteristic Elizabethan concern. The idea is that Nature is the powerful creator and includes Fortune. Thus Nature cannot be guided by Fortune.

55 **whetstone** Though we do not learn the Clown's name until later in the play, the pun on *Touchstone* is obvious here. A clown is, of course, the court fool or jester.

84 **Celia** In the Folio this speech is assigned incorrectly to Rosalind, which would cause both of the dukes to have the same first name.

85 **enough** This is the Folio reading. An alternate reading could be: 'My father's love is enough to honor him. Enough!'

98 **Bon jour** The Folio spelling *Boon-iour* (*i* pronounced *j*) is perhaps indicative of common Elizabethan pronunciation of French.

108 **smell** A pun on the two meanings of *rank:* 'position' and 'odor.'

120 **old tale** Celia means that there is nothing novel or unusual about Le Beau's introduction.

125 **presents** A legal phrase meaning 'by this present document' and with a pun on 'presence.'

127 **which** The construction here is archaic: 'which . . . him' equals 'whom' and 'which . . . his' equals 'whose.'

143 **broken music** That is, to hear the music of having his ribs broken. Broken music is technically 'part music,' or music performed by instruments of different classes. The term could also refer to a musical instrument with its 'ribs' broken.

161 **such . . . man** The man is of course Charles, the wrestler

of greater strength, and the meaning is clearly that the odds are all on his side.

165 **hether** The Folio spelling *hether* indicates a common Elizabethan pronunciation, though the word as it appears throughout the Folio is most often spelled in the modern fashion.

169 **them** Here used as a term of respect to include both Rosalind and Celia.

249 **out of suits** The meaning here is twofold: Rosalind means that she is no longer in Fortune's service (wearing Fortune's livery) and that her suits are rejected by Fortune.

254 **quintain** Used for jousting practice, this was an upright post with the figure of an armed man attached to it on a horizontal bar. The object was to ride full tilt against it and avoid being struck by the figure as it swung about.

269 **humorous** The Duke is temperamental in the sense of a Jonsonian 'humour' character. He is ruled by one guiding passion, in this case obstinacy.

275 **taller** Many editors have emended this to 'smaller' in order to eliminate Shakespeare's obvious inconsistency here, for Rosalind is later described as being taller than Celia (I.3.114).

Act I, Scene 3

SD **Rosalind** The Folio reads *Rosaline* at this point and elsewhere either *Rosalind* or *Rosalinde*.

8 **reasons** A particularly indelicate pun is suggested by the similarity in Elizabethan pronunciation between 'reason' and 'raising.' See Helge Kökeritz, *Shakespeare's Pronunciation* (New Haven, 1953), pp. 138–9.

19 **'hem' . . . him** A play on the similarity in pronunciation of these two words.

36 **deserve well** That is, to be hated—though Rosalind interprets the remark in an opposite fashion. Celia, in using the word containing 'serve,' is playing on the similarity in pronunciation of 'hate' and 'eat.'

74 **Juno's swans** The swan was traditionally sacred to Venus, the peacock to Juno. But Professor J. R. Crawford has pointed out a similar reference in Thomas Kyd's *Soliman and Perseda* (IV.1.70).

101 **change** That is, of fortune. This has sometimes been emended to *charge*, the reading of the Second Folio. But here *change*, in the sense of reversal of fortune, makes intelligible sense.

124 **Ganymede** A handsome boy whom Zeus made cupbearer of the gods. The name is spelled *Ganimed* in the Folio.

Act II, Scene 1

3 **painted** The contrast between country life and court life was a characteristic theme in Elizabethan literature. The court, with its artificiality and hypocrisy, was compared unfavorably to the natural grace of the country. The Forest of Arden is just such a natural and idyllic place as this, far from the pomp of the court.

5 **the penalty of Adam** The change of seasons is, of course, the penalty of Adam after his loss of Paradise. The *not* in this line has been often unnecessarily emended to 'but.' However, the Folio reading of *not* is consistent when we realize that the Duke is merely asking another rhetorical question.

13 **toad** It was an ancient superstition that the jewel called the 'toadstone' was to be found in the head of the toad.

18 **Amiens** Most editors assign the first five words of Amiens' speech to the Duke. But there is no occasion to depart from the Folio reading and no reason to assume that Amiens would not immediately agree with the Duke and say: 'I would not change it.'

26 **Jaques** Not to be confused with Orlando's youngest brother, Jaques de Boys, who appears briefly in the last act. Scansion obviously indicates the name is to be pronounced as dissyllabic here; in Elizabethan speech its *qu* was sounded *k:* 'Jā-kes.'

49 **there** This word appears only in the First Folio and is omitted in the others. Its inclusion makes a six-foot line, but this is not an uncommon method of varying the blank verse pattern.

50 **velvet** In other words, with the velvet on their horns they are like courtiers wearing velvet clothes.

Act II, Scene 3

SD **Enter . . . Adam** It is obvious here that Adam and Orlando enter from opposite sides of the stage.

Act II, Scene 4

1 **weary** The Folio reading is *merry* but Theobald's emendation is obviously necessary. In Shakespeare's writing 'wery' and 'mery' could easily be confused.

12 **cross** The pun here develops from an alternate meaning of the word. Old pennies had crosses stamped on one side.

16 **Arden** The pun here develops from the similarity in pronunciation between 'Arden' and 'harden.' Harden was a coarse fabric made from flax or hemp and was the term used to describe the smock worn by country laborers. See Helge Kökeritz, *Shakespeare's Pronunciation* (New Haven, 1953), p. 91. The idea is further elaborated in line 18 where *travelers* gives an echo of 'travail' or 'labor.' Jaques means that he has now become a complete rustic.

55 **mortal** The word is used in two slightly different ways in this sentence: as 'subject to death' and as 'humanly foolish.'

67 **kinsman** Rosalind is here playing on the two meanings of *clown*—'jester' and 'peasant.'

Act II, Scene 5

54 **Ducdame** Many attempts have been made to ascertain the meaning of this word. Hanmer's reading 'duc ad me' is conceivable, as is Dover Wilson's belief that it is derived from a corruption of the Romani 'dukrá mē' (I foretell). This latter explanation would enrich the idea that the Duke and his followers are living as gypsies and would explain the reference to Egypt, the supposed home of the gypsies. But there is no satisfactory explanation, and certainly Jaques would think these conjectures merely a further illustration of the folly of the world.

60 **circle** The ancient superstitious belief was that spirits could be conjured up in this fashion.

61 **first born of Egypt** Perhaps Jaques is railing against those of high degree, particularly the two Dukes, or he may be making a comment on the gypsy life in the Forest of Arden (the conjecture advanced by Dover Wilson).

Act II, Scene 7

6 **discord . . . spheres** Ptolemy's astronomical system maintained that the spheres revolving about the earth produced a harmonious melody. The Duke is elaborating on the incongruity of Jaques producing anything melodious.

13 **motley** Common stage tradition has always regarded this as the checkered costume of the court jester. Leslie Hotson, in *Shakespeare's Motley* (Oxford, 1952), considers this an anachronistic picture. He advances the theory that Elizabethan stage fools wore a long gown made of motley—a subdued cloth mixture like homespun or tweed.

26 **hour** This passage is particularly rich in indelicate puns. The basic pattern is established when we realize the identity in Elizabethan pronunciation between 'hour' and 'whore,' leading to Touchstone's play on the word *tale* in l. 28.

26 **ripe** The first meaning here is 'grow ripe,' but the additional meaning of 'search' fits well with the puns established in the preceding note.

30 **Chanticleer** The cock, seen also in *Reynard the Fox* and Chaucer's *Nun's Priest's Tale.*

44 **suit** A play on the two meanings of the word, 'request' and 'clothing' (which continues with *weed* in l. 45).

73 **weary very means** The phrase is obviously corrupt and there is very little satisfactory explanation. Wright's emendation of *weary* to *wearer's* furthers the idea of the extravagant amount spent on clothes. Dover Wilson would emend *means* to *mints,* thus enlarging the idea of national bankruptcy. Perhaps a more reasonable solution lies in the fact that 'means' and 'mains' were pronounced in the same fashion, 'main' being the high sea. In general, the sense is that pride (extravagance in dress) flows in huge quantity like the sea, until finally the very source becomes dried up.

100 **reason** The identity in Elizabethan pronunciation between 'reason' and 'raisin' explains the pun here. The banquet consisted of sweetmeats and fruit such as grapes (raisins).

158 **pantaloon** The stock figure of a foolish old man in the Italian *commedia dell'arte.*

Act III, Scene 1

6 **candle** The reference here is to Luke 15:8.

Act III, Scene 2

2 **Queen of Night** The Queen is 'thrice crowned' in her capacity as Proserpina, Luna, and Diana.

14 **huntress' name** Rosalind, as a young maiden, owed homage Diana, goddess of the hunt.

41 **manners** The word is used here in the two senses of iquette' and 'morality.'

61 **tarr'd** Tar was regularly used by shepherds to salve sore ots on their animals.

82 **cuckoldly** The cuckold, or betrayed husband, was tradinally described as wearing horns.

88 **Ind** The Folio spelling of the rhyme words in this passage licates the forced rhyme of the poem—*Inde:Rosalinde: winde: salinde: Linde:Rosalinde: mind:Rosalinde,* etc.

98 **butter-women's rank** In other words, the verses jog along e a crowd of women riding to market to sell their butter.

108 **to cart** On their way to jail loose women were driven rough the streets in a cart. Touchstone is also using the word the sense of putting the harvest in a wagon.

119 **medlar** A small brown-skinned apple, eaten only when cayed. There is a pun, of course, on 'meddler.'

157 **Jupiter** Most editors follow Spedding's emendation of *piter* to *pulpiter* to conform to the idea of preaching in the rest the sentence. However, as merely representing a mild oath, e Folio reading is equally acceptable.

179 **Pythagoras' time** The reference here is to Pythagoras' doc- ne of the transmigration of souls.

180 **Irish rat** This refers to the old belief that Irish magicians uld kill animals with rhymed spells.

197 **Good my complexion** Rosalind appeals to her woman's ture not to cause her to blush.

200 **South Sea of discovery** In other words, Rosalind is saying at further delay will seem as long as a voyage of discovery to e South Seas.

228 **Gargantua's mouth** Originally this was the name of a giant French folklore, a legend later used by Rabelais whose giant rgantua swallows five pilgrims in a salad.

239 **Jove's tree** The oak was sacred to Jove (Jupiter).

274 **goldsmiths' wives . . . rings** Jaques is saying that Orlando so revoltingly poetical that he must have learned the mottoes rings sold by goldsmiths' wives. These rings were love tokens d had romantic sentiments engraved on the inside.

276 **painted cloth** Cheap cloth was often painted with scenes and mottoes in imitation of tapestry. Orlando is saying that Jaques has learned just as many platitudes from this source.

279 **Atalanta's heels** Atalanta, renowned for her swiftness, forced suitors to compete with her in a foot race.

401 **dark house** The whip and the dark room represented the extent of Elizabethan treatment of the insane. For example, compare with the treatment of Malvolio in *Twelfth Night.*

422 **liver** In ancient medicine the liver was believed to be the seat of love.

Act III, Scene 3

3 **feature** It is obvious from Audrey's answer that she has not understood Touchstone's remark. The words 'fetter,' 'faitour' (a cheat), and 'feature' were pronounced in an identical fashion in Elizabethan English, and it is difficult to know exactly what word Audrey had in mind.

7 **capricious** This word is derived from the Latin *caper* meaning a 'he-goat,' thus strengthening Touchstone's pun.

8 **Goths** The identical pronunciation of 'goats' and 'Goths' (where the *th* is sounded *t*) in Elizabethan English explains this pun.

14 **reckoning . . . room** That is, an excessive bill for poor accommodations. Many editors have seen in this line a reference to Marlowe's death on May 30, 1593, in a quarrel over a tavern bill, finding in addition an echo of his line in the *Jew of Malta:* 'infinite riches in a little room' (I.1.37). But Marlowe's death occurred six years before the date of *As You Like It,* and it seems doubtful that Shakespeare is making a conscious reference here, though Dover Wilson has advanced the hypothesis that a first draft of the play was composed in 1593 (see Appendix A).

42 **Sir** This was the title of a bachelor of a university (*Dominus*). But the title was used loosely and was the usual form of address for a priest.

48 **heart** The pun on 'hart' is strengthened by 'stag' (*stagger*) and *horn-beasts* in the next line.

49 **horn-beasts** Here again is the common Elizabethan symbol for the cuckold or deceived husband.

770 **Master What-ye-call't** In Elizabethan English Jaques' name rmally sounded the same as 'jakes' meaning 'privy.' Touch- ne's humorous fastidiousness is revealed when he refuses to onounce the word.

796 **O sweet Oliver** Though this is printed as prose in the Folio, uchstone is singing bits of an old ballad, licensed in 1584.

Act III, Scene 4

7 **dissembling color** Judas, the betrayer of Christ, is portrayed having red hair, the traditional sign of the untrustworthy.

41 **traverse athwart** In other words, like an unskillful jouster o breaks his lance by hitting his opponent's shield on an angle.

52 **pale complexion** The sighs of the true lover were supposed draw blood from the heart and cause paleness.

Act III, Scene 5

39 **candle . . . bed** Rosalind is saying that Phebe lacks auty's blaze—that is, her beauty is not bright enough to light r to bed without a candle.

50 **south** In England a south wind brings fog and rain.

62 **Foul . . . scoffer** *Foul* is used here with two meanings: gly' and 'evil.' In other words, Rosalind is saying that Phebe doubly foul, being both ugly and a scoffer.

80 **Dead shepherd** Another reference to Marlowe. The maxim from his *Hero and Leander* (i.176) published in 1598. But re is little reason to assume that this reference changes the te of the play (see Appendix A).

90 **neighborly** Phebe is making a distinction between love and endship.

108 **Carlot** Used here as a proper name, as the italics in the lio clearly indicate. As a noun the word means 'peasant' or urI.'

133 **omittance . . . quittance** A proverb meaning 'to refrain m paying is not to discharge a debt.'

Act IV, Scene 1

58 **horns** A further reference to the cuckold.

85 **suit** Rosalind continues her play on words with *apparel* in e next line.

96 **Troilus** This famous lover of Cressida was killed, not ingloriously by a club, but by the spear of Achilles.

99 **Leander** Hero and Leander were the classical prototypes of great lovers. Each night Leander swam the Hellespont to visit Hero in Sestos. For her purpose Rosalind chooses to regard them in mock heroic terms.

152 **Diana** The figure of Diana was common in garden statuary. There is no reason to suppose that any particular statue is being referred to here.

164 **'Wit . . . wilt?'** A proverbial phrase indicating that the person's intelligence is deserting him. It is also roughly equivalent to 'Hold your tongue.'

172 **occasion** In other words, a woman must be able to use her fault to advantage and turn the blame on her husband.

202 **bird . . . nest** Compare to the proverb: 'It is a foul bird defiles its own nest.'

210 **bastard of Venus** According to myth Cupid was the child of Venus, goddess of love, and Mars, god of war.

Act IV, Scene 2

12 **The rest . . . burthen** Most editors have assumed that 'The rest shall bear this burthen' was a stage direction referring to the refrain following, even though the phrase is printed in the First Folio in italics as part of the song. Dover Wilson was the first to point out that the Folio reading could be justified.

Act IV, Scene 3

18 **Phoenix** A miraculous bird fabled to live in Arabia. It was supposed to live for five hundred years and then be reborn from its own ashes.

34 **Turk** In other words, Phebe is being as barbarous as the infidel Turks in their attacks upon Christians. This refers to the time of the Crusades.

Act V, Scene 2

30 **thrasonical** Thraso, the braggart soldier in Terence's *Eunuchus*, was the prototype of the boaster.

67 **human** In other words, Rosalind will actually appear and
ll not be a phantom summoned by incantation.
97 **obedience** In the Folio *observance* is repeated here, and it is
gical to assume that this was a printer's error and follow
alone's emendation.
108 **Who . . . you** The Folio reading 'Why do you speak too,
hy blame you me to love you' is understandable but makes
lando's answer somewhat awkward, so Rowe's emendation is
lowed here.

Act V, Scene 3

6 **Song** The fourth stanza appears as the second in the Folio,
t the text of the Edinburgh MS seems more logical.
26 **carol** This word is not used in the specialized modern sense
t refers to any song at a festival. It originally meant a 'ring
nce.'

Act V, Scene 4

1 **As . . . fear** This is a difficult line to interpret. The meaning
y be: 'like those who are afraid they are really only dreaming
l at the same time are fully aware of the logic of their fear.'
46 **three tailors** Touchstone means that his extravagance in
ss and failure to pay his bills had ruined three merchants.
55 **fool's bolt** A *bolt* is literally a blunt arrow. The old proverb
as: 'A fool's bolt is soon spent.'
56 **dulcet diseases** 'Pleasant ailments.' In other words, to listen
a fool is an enjoyable experience.
91 **book** Touchstone is satirizing the many books on swords-
nship and good manners popular in Elizabethan England.
ere is, for example, Castiglione's *Il Cortegiano*, translated in
1.
107 **stalking horse** A real or artificial horse under cover of
ich a hunter approached his game.
142 **Juno's** Juno was the queen of the gods and the symbol of
rried virtue.

Epilogue

3 wine . . . bush This is an ancient proverb derived from the fact that an ivy bush was the sign of a vintner's shop. Rosalind means that good wine needs no advertisement.

17 woman On the Elizabethan stage women's parts were of course taken by young boys.

APPENDIX A

Text and Date

You Like It was not printed until the First Folio of 1623. As is is the only authoritative text, it has been the concern of the esent edition to depart from the Folio reading only when absoely necessary. Essential stage directions not found in the Folio ve been placed in square brackets, while words added to the xt have been noted at the foot of the page. Obvious errors have en silently corrected and the spelling has been modernized (as the punctuation) except in the case of a spelling indicative of izabethan pronunciation.

However, the question of the date of the play's composition esents significant difficulties. The play was entered on the tioner's Register as a book to be stayed (that is, not printed, order to prevent unauthorized use of the text) on August 4 of unspecified year. But the order of entries in the Register and inclusion of *Henry V*, *Much Ado about Nothing*, and Jonson's *ery Man in his Humour* on the same list make it almost cern that it was the year 1600. This information, however, tells little about the time of actual composition.

John Dover Wilson, in *The New Shakespeare* (Cambridge, 26), advances the hypothesis that a first version of the play s written in the summer of 1593 and drastically revised to its esent form sometime around 1600. His argument is based on a number of interesting points of internal evidence: the stence of many blank-verse lines in prose passages of the text we now have it, the presence of obvious inconsistencies (Celia ng 'taller' than Rosalind), certain references to the Martin arprelate controversy, the publication of Lodge's *Rosalynde* 1590, and most significant of all, the overt references to ristopher Marlowe.

At one point in the play Touchstone mentions a man being uck more dead than 'a great reckoning in a little room.' over Wilson feels that this is a direct reference to Marlowe's ath in a tavern brawl on May 30, 1593, with the additional

echo of a line from the *Jew of Malta* (see note to *As You Like It*, III.3.14). Marlowe is again referred to in III.5.81, where his *Hero and Leander*, published in 1598, is quoted. A topical allusion of this sort would suggest that Shakespeare wrote the play some time after the year 1598. But Touchstone's remark must be taken as particularly inconclusive evidence that the play was first written in 1593. At best it can be interpreted only as an unconscious reference on Shakespeare's part and, if conscious, talk about Marlowe's death must have been common for many years after 1593. Even as late as 1600 a London audience could be assumed to have understood the allusion. However, it is most significant that Francis Meres in his discussion of Shakespeare's plays, published in 1598, makes no mention of *As You Like It*.

Though Dover Wilson's theory is of great interest and ingeniously conceived, internal and external evidence seem to point most clearly to a date of composition sometime between 1598 and 1600. Until further evidence is disclosed it is impossible to be more definite. Certainly the first mention of the play occurs in 1600.

APPENDIX B

Source

r *As You Like It* Shakespeare characteristically derived his sic plot from another author. In this case all essential material mes from Thomas Lodge's novel, *Rosalynde: Euphues Golden gacie*, published in 1590. In a note to his 'gentlemen readers' dge remarks, 'If you like it, so'—and it is generally assumed t this gave rise to Shakespeare's title. Shakespeare has aban- ned the mannered euphuistic style of his source but has re- ned many of the pastoral elements which can be seen in his llic Forest of Arden, far away from the artificiality of court . This popular Elizabethan theme can be found in a multi- le of other words, among them Spenser's *Shepheardes Calender* 579) and Sidney's *Arcadia* (1590).

Lodge's novel (in turn based on a Middle English poem, *The ke's Tale of Gamelyn*) is a traditional pastoral romance. akespeare, while changing some names, has followed the ential pattern of Lodge's narrative. Rosalynde is the daugh- of the banished king of France who falls in love with Rosader rlando) when she sees him in a wrestling match. She and her usin Alinda (Celia) are banished by the usurping king and go the disguises of Ganymede and Aliena to the Forest of the dennes. Here they meet Rosader who has fled from the wrath his wicked brother Saladyne (Oliver). There is a romance tween Rosalynde and Rosader, as in Shakespeare's play; and ladyne, himself exiled by the evil king, reforms and falls in e with Alinda. News is finally brought to the forest that the rs of France have risen against the usurper, who is defeated, d Rosader is made heir to the throne.

It is obvious that *As You Like It* owes much to Lodge's novel, t Shakespeare has made some significant changes and addi- ns. He has focused the action most clearly on the Forest of den passages, cutting out a great deal of the introductory tter, particularly the long section on Rosader's quarrel with wicked brother, which he compressed to one brief interview.

He also concentrated upon the romance of Rosalynde and Rosader and, unlike Lodge, gave merely a brief account of Saladyne's love for Alinda. But changes of this sort are obviously necessitated by the transition from a narrative to a dramatic form and reflect little of Shakespeare's originality.

The significant difference between *As You Like It* and *Rosalynde* lies in the approach to the pastoral tradition. The characters that Shakespeare has added—Touchstone, Jaques, and Audrey—create a tone of realism and form an ironic double image commenting upon the stilted world of pastoral romance. Perhaps more important even than the treatment of these three characters is Shakespeare's treatment of Rosalind: she is no longer the stock figure that Lodge's Rosalynde was, and the whole action of the play is centered sharply on her, thus eliminating the diffusion characteristic of the novel. She has become a witty, paradoxical young lady, a blend of realism and of romance—fit company for Orlando and fit company too for Touchstone and Jaques.

APPENDIX C

Reading List

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